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WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.—[See next Page.]

WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

OUR artist has sketched on the preceding page a very pretty scene in THE RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES; we hope the Prince himself will be fortunate enough to see as many lovely faces as light up our picture. The upper designs commemorate two of the most piquant adventures of the Prince since his arrival in this country: HIS FALL IN THE BALL-ROOM AT QUEBEC, when the loyal dames of that fine old city were thrown into convulsions by the sight of their Prince prone on the floor, and THE GAME AT TEN-PINS WHICH THE PRINCE PLAYED AT WASHINGTON, AT MRS. SMITH'S BOARDING-SCHOOL, WITH MISS LANE AND MRS. SECRETARY THOMPSON. A few years hence these scenes will possess a quaint historic interest.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1860.

THE EFFECT OF THE PRINCE'S VISIT.

THE moral effect of the visit of the Prince of Wales to this country will be felt long after the incidents of the tour are forgotten. It is not likely that he will ever forget the enthusiastic welcome which has greeted him in every city which he has visited. The only *contretemps* he has met with since he left home occurred, we are glad to say, not in the United States; of this country, and of our people, he will have none but pleasant recollections. He has been received here as he never was in any country but such as acknowledge his mother's sovereignty; and the greeting must have been the more gratifying as it flowed spontaneously from the people of the United States, and was independent of the restraints of etiquette and the obligations of national comity. There is, he must confess, no other country in the world in which he could hope for such a reception.

That the event will have its effect, both in England and here, it is not unreasonable to hope. Though, under the Constitution of Great Britain, the power of the sovereign is very much less than it is in a despotic monarchy, all who have read the memoirs of the British statesmen of the past half century are aware that the sovereign has some power, and that ministers always respect any decided opinions he may entertain. If Albert Edward should carry away from this country an abiding regard for our people, and a firm resolution to maintain peace between the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon family, a British ministry, in his reign, would find it hard work to get up a war with us on any pretext.

On the other hand, his visit will help a very large proportion of our people to lose their prejudices against Great Britain. In the West, especially, there are thousands of people who only know England as a Power which has waged unjust wars against us twice, and which employed Hessians and Indians to commit barbarous atrocities upon our forefathers. That these people should feel pleasantly toward England is not to be expected. The visit of the Prince, his kindly manners, the good taste and good sentiment of his addresses, his visit to the tomb of Washington, are well calculated to produce a change in these feelings. His tour certainly proves that, so far as the royal family is concerned, there has been vast progress in England since the time of George the Third. If they have lost their rancor, why not we also?

We are inclined to think that this visit of the Prince to the United States will prove one of the most beneficial measures of Queen Victoria's reign. If the peace can be preserved between Great Britain and the United States, it matters very little what other powers may do. France, Russia, Germany, Italy, Spain, and the Asiatic Powers may war as they please without troubling us, or risking the cause of truth and civilization—so long as we keep out of the conflict. The only war that could really retard civilization, jeopardize liberty, and destroy commerce, would be one between this country and Great Britain—and the possibility of that war, we think, has been diminished by the Prince's visit.

TRANSATLANTIC STEAMERS.

THE loss of the *Connaught* deprives the Galway line of the only steamer they really owned. Advertisements in the papers, it is true, state that the line consists of five "new iron side-wheel steamers of 4400 tons burden each"—to wit, the *Connaught*, *Leinster*, *Ulster*, *Munster*, and *Parana*. But this is merely a playful figure of speech. The *Leinster*, *Ulster*, and *Munster* exist only in imagination; one or two of them are said to be on the stocks; but none of the three have ever made a voyage. The *Parana* exists, but belongs to the West India Navigation Company; and instead of being 4400 tons, she is only about 1700. The *Connaught*, in like manner, was, we believe, only 2500, not 4400 tons as stated in the advertisement.

We are glad to notice that the splendid ships of the old Collins line, which have been so long laid up at their wharf, are placed on the berth for Europe once more. The *Adriatic*, as our readers are aware, has been running all summer, and is believed to have done a fine business. The *Atlantic* and *Baltic* will, we trust, prove equally fortunate. It is high time that our ship-owners were bestirring themselves, if they do not wish the control of the ocean to pass entirely out of our hands into those of England.

WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE POPE?

ANCONA having fallen, the fate of Rome seems no longer doubtful. England warns Sardinia not to molest Venice; the French Emperor declares that he will protect "the Pope:" but no one says that Rome is to be withheld from the conquering army of Italy. Under the circumstances, it would not be surprising if, by the time this paper was in our readers' hands, Rome had already followed Naples and Ancona, and Garibaldi were in a position to fulfill his promise of proclaiming the Kingdom of Italy from the height of the Quirinal.

The Pope must leave Rome. No one can or will protect him there. It would be fatal to the Emperor Napoleon to make war on Italy for the sake of maintaining the Pope, whose temporal power he has so emphatically declared to be inconsistent with the true interests of the peninsula. Where will the Pope go?

First, probably, to Gaeta—where he took refuge the last time Garibaldi drove him from Rome, and where he will find congenial society and kindred misery with Francis of Naples and his Jesuits.

But he can not stay at Gaeta. A very few days hence we shall hear that Garibaldi has taken Capua, and that the Neapolitans are in full retreat to some foreign exile. Francis will find a home either at Vienna or Madrid; but where will the Pope go?

A significant item of news by the *Africa* is the announcement that the Pope has warned the Emperor Napoleon that he will leave Rome if the Emperor does not check the Sardinians. Has it never occurred to the Pope, or to the cardinals who are said to have recommended flight, that this may be the very thing Napoleon wants? His uncle prized so highly the possession of the person of the Pope that he actually brought him to Paris a prisoner, and kept him in confinement against his earnest protest, and to the scandal of all good Catholics. In his memoirs he emphatically states that one of the greatest mistakes ever made by the old Kings was to have suffered the Popes to leave Avignon; that France is the natural home for the head of the Church. Is the nephew likely to have forgotten or repudiated this characteristic *idée Napoléonienne?* And is it not quite possible that he is quietly watching the progress of events which, in all human probability, are going to throw into his hands a prize which his uncle risked revolution and the undying hatred of the Church by seizing by force?

OUR IRISH SOLDIERS.

A NUMBER of Irish militiamen of the First Division New York State Militia held a meeting last week and resolved not to parade before the Prince of Wales, or to take any steps to do honor to the son of the sovereign whom they termed the oppressor of Ireland. Accordingly, on Thursday last the 69th Regiment, composed mainly of Irishmen, did not appear on parade with the rest of the Division.

The order to the militia of the First Division to parade on 11th October was issued, according to military rule, by the General commanding the Division. It was in strict conformity with the militia law, and the rules of the service. The law is, that a militiaman, as such, is a soldier, and is liable to the same rules and penalties as soldiers in the United States army. If soldiers in the United States army, on being ordered by their superior officer to parade, were to refuse and to hold meetings to express their reasons for refusing, they would be deemed mutineers, and would be liable to be shot. What shall be done with the Irish militiamen who refused to obey orders, and turn out in honor of the Prince of Wales?

It is argued on behalf of the 69th Regiment that they had performed the parades required by law, and that they were not bound to turn out again. If this were true, the indecency of the action of the Irish in stickling for such a point in defiance of the unanimous sentiment of our people must render them very unpopular.

We should be sorry to seem to pander to the prejudice which exists among all classes of Americans against Irishmen. All prejudices are a mistake; and every one knows that there have been and are good and true Irishmen, who have been faithful to their friends, obedient to the law, and loyal to the cause of truth and right. But it does strike us that the 69th Regiment, which has obtruded itself upon public notice by refusing to obey orders, and which tried its best to mar the reception of the nation's guest by creating trouble in the ranks of the militia, has taken a step which can not but exasperate public feeling against the Irish race. It ought not to be necessary to remind them that every American felt personally responsible for the reception of the Prince of Wales, and that it is hardly possible to conceive any thing more shocking to the mass of our people than an affront offered to him from any quarter.

If there are any Irishmen among us who have influence among their countrymen, we entreat them, for their own sake, to reflect for a moment on the attitude of the Irish race in this country.

We have for nearly a quarter of a century been receiving several thousand Irishmen annually among us. We have given them land—almost for nothing; employment at far better wages than they could have obtained at home; and political rights equal to those which are enjoyed by the sons of the best and noblest Americans. They have come to us steeped in ignorance and superstition; we have let them have their priests and their churches, and when fanatic Protestants have tried to disturb them, we have resisted it, and have successfully protected them in what we believe to be a mistaken course. They have so behaved themselves that nearly seventy-five per cent. of our criminals and paupers are Irish; that fully seventy-five per cent. of the crimes of violence committed among us are the work of Irishmen; that the system of universal suffrage in large cities has fallen into discredit through the incapacity of the Irish for self-government; yet we have never countenanced any invidious legislation against them, have never thought of depriving them of the political rights they abused, have never sought to protect ourselves against their misconduct. As militiamen and soldiers they have not unfrequently been an absolute nuisance. It is not worth while to repeat the story of the two Irish regiments which served under General Van Rensselaer, in the war of 1812, or of the Irishmen who deserted from our army and constituted the battalion of San Patricio, in the Mexican war; these, and other similar affairs, are only too frequently recalled to memory by such outbursts of folly and insubordination as the recent refusal to turn out in honor of the nation's guest. Yet no respectable party in this State has ever proposed to deprive the Irishmen of their arms, or to exclude them from the militia.

We entreat our Irish fellow-citizens not to presume too far upon the forbearance of our people. This is not a time for any rash experiments of the kind. The spectacle of the ignominious surrender of the Irishmen in Lamoricière's army, who had volunteered to assist the Pope in keeping down his Italian subjects, has not yet been forgotten. Before our Irishmen thrust themselves anew under the public nostril they should allow the effluvia of that transaction to pass away.

THE LOUNGER.

EVENING DRESS.

THE question is, whether the Ball Committee did right to state, in a circular, that the guests were expected to appear in evening dress, and then to define what evening dress is. The answer to the question is found in the fact that the three thousand people who would attend the ball were, many of them, not used to the delicate distinctions of evening and morning dress, and that it was a satisfaction to them to know precisely what they were expected to wear. If a private person issues invitations to an ordinary private ball, she makes no allusion to "evening dress," because she knows that all her guests understand the etiquette of such an occasion. The Committee of the Prince's ball knew—whether other people did or not—that the guests would not all exactly understand that etiquette. In any case, the suggestion involved no startling insult to any body; and to say that it implied that the fine society of New York did not know what evening dress is, is simply what is pleasantly called at theatres *gag*.

If the great American people instinctively understood the technical etiquette of such occasions, they would probably be a little more scrupulous and uniform in the attire in which they wait upon the President of the United States at his levées. There is no reason why they should know what constitutes "evening dress," and certainly no shame in not knowing. The Committee of the ball wished simply to make sure that there should be no grotesque attire, and they took the simplest means of securing that object.

INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MR. JENKINS,—I have read all you have written about the dear, precious Prince—*bless his heart!* You have told us how he fell down on the prairies and *tore his trowsers*—poor, *dear* young man! And then you have gratified our curiosity by letting us know that the *mosquitoes* bit him dreadfully in Richmond—*great, big, naughty, ugly, disgusting, wicked things!* And you were so *kind*, too, in that information about the *bathing-room* in Philadelphia. *Dear* Albert Edward! then you love to wash yourself in the morning! And *do* you use coarse towels, and scrubbing-brushes, and *hair gloves*; and oh! *do* you, *don't* you, most august of princes, use *yellow soap?* Dear Mr. Jenkins, you *ought* not to forget to mention these things. What *is the use* of telling us that he loves to *wash* himself, if you don't tell us how he *dries* himself? Do his brothers and sisters love to wash *themselves*, too? And the Prince Consort himself? And the *Queen* herself? How pleasant it must be for you to be taken round and shown the bath-room, and the *rest of it*—the easy-chairs, and the sofas, and the curtains, and the bed! *Precious privilege!*

Dear Mr. Jenkins, we all want to know *one* thing. We feel *sure* you would have mentioned it had it *taken place*, because you are such a *perfect gentleman* that you do not fail to mention *every thing of the kind*. You know the weather is getting *very cold*. There have been some *really* sharp days; and although we may have some *Indian summer*, still it will generally be *frosty* at night. Please inform us in your *next dispatch*—for he is going to *Boston*, and you know how *icily cold* Boston is—whether the Prince has put on *his winter flannels*. And does he wear *Canton* flannel or *red* flannel? And have the shirts *long sleeves* or short? And if they are long, don't they *poke out* beyond his *wristbands*, and is he not obliged to *turn them up?* which must be so uncomfortable to his *arms*. And if they are short, *how* short are they? And *why* are they short? And doesn't he wear *long arms* sometimes? *Dearest* Sir, please mention whether he has put on winter flannels, and *gratify your constant readers*.

SPINGLER INSTITUTE.

MUNICIPAL.

JUDGE PIERREPOINT has resigned his office. When the City Hall building was burned his courtroom disappeared. He tried to find it in the lofts of an engine-house; then, for a time, in Tammany Hall. The Superior Court has been, so to say, "squatting" about; now on pillar, now on post. The Judge has been stifled and his health shattered in the search. The Legislature promised to help him find his room in a new and spacious building; but when the proper persons tried to find the proper spot in the Park for the new building to hold the old Court, some other proper persons told them that there was no proper spot in the Park for such a purpose, and if there were, that there were no proper means of getting possession of it. The Judge thereupon throws up the whole matter. The Superior Court is evidently not wanted, he seems to think; for if it were the people would find some decent, reputable place to put it in. Lofts of engine-houses! Tammany Hall!

In throwing up his office the learned magistrate also throws up a letter to the Governor, which is as full of point as a sky-rocket of stars. I speak of it in a gamesome way; but it is as full of truth as an egg of meat. "In short," says Judge Pierrepoint, "it has been discovered, after three years of trial, that no man or body of men in this municipal government have any power to do any substantial thing except to stay the action of every other man or body of men. The machinery of the city government is so cunningly devised that each wheel can stop the motion of every other, and so that the whole shall by no possibility move in harmony together."

Dickens was thought to be a caricaturist, and old Mother *Blackwood* scolded him in her most dismal voice when he called the English Government a Circumlocution Office and a science of how not to do it. But if that be extravagance in England, it is simple ugly truth in New York.

He proceeds to say that the people want good rulers, and would vote for them if they had a chance. First catch your hare, says Mrs. Glass. He continues by declaring that the government will only be successful when it is made harmonious with the principles which the Almighty has ineradicably planted in man. Amen! It is not difficult then to catch the hare, says Judge Pierrepoint. The same amount of time and half the money spent in giving a dance to the Prince of Wales would give New York city "a strong, a lasting, and a good government." How to persuade people to do this, do you ask? By showing the rich men that if they do not take care the failure to do it will lead straight to the loss of their properties. We are all tumbling head over heels over each other in the mad race to be rich, he says. We (the good, wise, and wealthy people) let the bad, ignorant, and idle manage the government. "Government will be administered by somebody; that may be relied upon. If the wise and good will not attend to it, fools and knaves will."

That is the priceless pearl of wisdom for this people; and the brightest sign of dawning that we have had for a long time is the fact that such sentiments are uttered by a New York magistrate, and not only uttered but evidently believed. The spirit of our society, says Judge Pierrepoint, is "making harlots of our women and rogues of our men." "Already the success of a lawyer is determined by the money that he makes; already the success of a minister of Christ is in some degree estimated by the salary which he receives; and the time is hastening when the success of a judge on the bench will be measured by the money which he shall there accumulate."

In the vast tumult of a Presidential canvass, and the airy episode of a Prince's visit, and the universal devil-take-the-hindmost which absorbs the mighty mind of the metropolis, it is not in the least degree probable that any body will read or heed the wise and timely letter of the Judge. He knows it. He is ready for inattention. But he says all the more truly, "If our wise and good, rich, intelligent, and honest citizens think these things of no moment, they will let them alone, as they have heretofore done; but they may rely upon it these things will not let them alone."

"HISTORICAL PICTURES RETOUCHED."

THE recent opening of the Woman's Library in this city was signalized by clever speeches from Editor Raymond, Clergyman Beecher, and Lawyer Brady. The pursuits of the speakers, and their representative characters, show how sincerely any effort of this kind is hailed. In fact, half the objections to new views are really only to the way in which they are presented. The ridicule which attaches to the words "Women's Rights," is main-

ly excited by the grotesque or ridiculous way in which they are so often presented; and as there is, after all, a very profound belief latent in the human mind that we have not yet reached the end of all things, so unquestionably there is a quiet conviction that the doctrine of the spade to him who can use it, and all the spades to all who can use them, will be constantly more and more recognized in the advance of society.

The book with the title which heads these paragraphs is a most timely, copious, and brilliant contribution to the history and literature of women. It is, in fact, a *fantasia* upon this theme, "The elevation of women to their just position in society depends upon themselves," and presents a series of sparkling and striking portraits, crayons, sketches, profiles, and studies of all the most eminent and interesting women in history who have illustrated that idea. But the author, Mrs. Dall, is a scholar and thinker, and her work, therefore, is not a biographical dictionary, but a collection of illustrative lives. Her views of many famous women differ, often, from the popular traditional views; but they are the result of her own original research. Her "study" of Aspasia is fresh and fine. Her defense of Hypatia against Charles Kingsley's representation of her is brave and reasonable. Her simple and historic statement of the position of women in the healing art, and her sketches of the most eminent among them, are as interesting as admirable. There is a glow of sincerity and purpose in the book which fuses it into unity, and leaves a most *womanly* impression.

Mrs. Dall's previous thoughtful little work, "Woman's Right to Labor," states, in a good-humored, trenchant, and faithful manner, the doctrine, which the women who crowd with their various splendor and genius the pages of this one illustrated. It was the work of much experience, of laborious study and collation, of a clear brain and a true heart; and it was entirely free from every thing that offends prejudice. The same characteristics belong to the "Historical Pictures Retouched," except that it has the elements of a more general popular interest. Like the first, it is one of the best books that could be given to every girl in the land.

FORWARD!

THE great work goes on in Europe. Ancona has surrendered to the Sardinians, and Lamoricière is prisoner. Unhappy man! If he were an old Roman he would fall upon his sword. Yet ten years ago in Paris the name of Lamoricière was the signal of enthusiasm. He was invested with the same kind of gallant glory that invested the old Murat. Young, chivalric, heroic, patriotic—the future smiled on him if on any man.

His story was told last week when his portrait appeared in the *Weekly*. It is simply tragical. Its end is mean and miserable. He heads a band of foreign mercenaries to defend the worst despotism in the world; and he is ignominiously beaten in the field and captured in a fortress to which he retires, and which he can not maintain. It is not easy to foresee his future, unless he be permitted quietly to leave the country and seek an asylum in America or England.

As for the great Italian liberator, he moves steadily forward; but he shows a dangerous disposition to disagree with Cavour. Dangerous, because Cavour is evidently the wisest statesman Italy has known for many years, and because the reason for difference urged by Garibaldi is insufficient. He says that he can have no friendship with a man who has consented to part with a province of Italy. But if that were the best possible measure at the time, and if it were honestly favored by Cavour, however mistakenly, is it noble or generous to assume that Cavour is an enemy of the country? Garibaldi has no right to insist that it was necessarily unpatriotic or dishonest to do what Cavour has done.

Cavour is faithful to King Victor—and so is Garibaldi. Their policy may differ in some details, but they are both bent upon a united Italy. Each must make some concession, when the difference appears, and Cavour says that he is ready to make it. Garibaldi virtually declares that he must have his way or none. But certainly he will not sacrifice his Italy to any personal prejudice. Cavour favored the separation of the province to France—but so did the people of the province. If Cavour did it in obedience to the popular will, is Garibaldi the man to call him to account?

It is hardly to be believed that, with an opportunity such as has not been known in her history, with a patriotic brain and heart and hand such as have never combined for her deliverance, Italy will fail again. If such should be the result—if the union of these two men, or at least the union of their power and policies, should be impossible, then we may well believe that the jealousy of that ardent people will forever defeat their aspiration, and that the hope of a regenerated, emancipated, national Italy, is but a foolish dream.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FRIENDLY VENTURE.—"Might I tempt you to venture upon this orange?" "I should be happy to oblige you, Madame," said Leigh Hunt, who was thus being addressed by a lady, "but I'm afraid I should fall off." The Prince of Wales much in the same way at Kingston and other places in Canada, would not venture near the Oranges, for fear, not of falling off, but of falling out. There might have been a falling off of his popularity had he yielded to the influence of these sour bigots, who acted infinitely more like meddlers than oranges. If we were asked to say what were the Fruits of Sedition, we should not hesitate for a moment to reply—"The Oranges in Upper Canada."

THE MOVEMENT OF EVENTS IN ITALY.—"St. Peter's Chair steps the way."

HOW TO TRIP IT.—The Prince of Wales promises to be as great a traveler as he is an accomplished dancer. His next intention is to go through all the Steppes of Russia.

The young lady who burst into tears has been put together again, and is now wearing hoops to prevent the recurrence of the accident.

BRENNUS AT THE SCALES.

Again the hills of Italy
  Echo the din of war,
Again the eagles gather
  To Rome, from near and far,
Again the seven-hilled city,
  The conqueror's guerdon stands,
But not, as erst, with conquest's sword
  Held in Barbarian hands!

When Rome, an infant giant,
  First crowned her seven-fold height,
The stalwart North its swarms poured forth
  To crush the rising might.
There strode the swarthy Cymry,
  The red Gaul at his side,
And tower and town went helpless down,
  Before the sweeping tide.

But Heaven's high purpose needed
  That rising Roman power,
And nerved the stately senators
  To meet the awful hour.
In robes of white, on chairs of state,
  They barred the invaders' way—
'Gainst Cymric fire and Gaulish ire,
  A weaponless array!

Strange, how despite the ill-matched freight
  The scales uncertain play,
While still as death, with bated breath,
  We watch them as they sway.
And well we know—be't weal or woe
  That in the upshot lies—
The scale where Brennus flings his sword
  Will be the scale to rise!

Were this a man our wit could scan,
  The choice might easy seem;
Small doubt were there which scale would bear
  To earth, which kick the beam.
With fear and lies, before our eyes,
  'Gainst truth and valor hung,
Were his a hand at *our* command,
  Long since the sword were flung!

But what is truth and what is ruth,
  What human hopes to him?
Whose tortuous ways elude our gaze,
  So mole-like, dark, and dim!
One thing alone to faith is known,
  Heaven wills whate'er befall—
And this man's hand, and this man's brand,
  Are God's that guideth all!

How changed the men, how changed the parts!
  The scene alone the same.
Now Heav'n strikes with the invaders,
  And works the invaded shame.
For patriot hands, see hireling bands,
  The mass-book for the glaive;
A fluttered, epicœne old priest,
  For senate stern and grave!

Still holdeth well the parallel—
  Like in unlikeness all—
On what is done doth still look on,
  A Brennus, chief of Gaul!
Not frank and bold like him of old,
  That led the Cymric horde,
But a masked brow—a muffled hand,
  That grasps a doubtful sword!

Again the steel-yard is brought forth,
  Again Rome's fate is weighed:
Though other weights are in the plates,
  Than those of yore displayed.
Old Rome went free—her ransom-fee,
  A thousand pounds of gold,
Now, Europe's hopes against a Pope's
  Unequal balance hold!

THE ART OF CORRESPONDENCE.—With men, the great difficulty is in beginning a letter—with women, the great difficulty is in leaving off. A woman's letter is best expressed by the algebraical "*x*," for it's a letter that always denotes an unknown quantity. Every postscript is a problem of itself.

THE LONG VACATION.—The King of Naples has had so many troubles lately, and has been oppressed with so much business of a most moving and distressing nature, that it is not to be wondered at if he has gone into the country just to enjoy a little Gaëta.

MRS. GRAY LOFTUS, at present a star of some magnitude in the fashionable world, is deservedly so, for nothing can be more amiable than her manners, and nothing more delightful than her conversation—as she possesses the happy faculty of pleasing others by eliciting from them those observations and those talents which, by the assistance of her witchery, she knows so well how to apply. One of the best sallies we have heard recorded of her, was on her pressing that diffident gentleman in private society, Mr. Sims Reeves, to sing.

"Well," said the modest tenor at last, "I will sing 'My pretty Jane,' on condition that you first pay me some sort of compliment—one that the company shall decide to be witty."

"Surely," said Mrs. Loftus, "you are not so determined against singing as to make my being witty a previous stipulation? Surely you will surrender without that article?"

"No," rejoined Sims Reeves, "I am *positive*."

"That is impossible," observed the fair lady, "for we all here know, Mr. Sims Reeves, that you are *superlative*."

A colonel, who is fond of telling tough 'uns, especially stories of which he himself is the hero, lately drew the long bow after the following wise: "I was once in Montpellier, on official business. During my stay a horse-race came off near the capital; and as I am rather partial to horse-racing, I went to see it. Just as the horses were about starting, some fellow insulted me by jostling me rather roughly. Now, you know I don't often fight, but when I strike, then I do strike. So I up fist, hit him a blow that sent him against the fence into a field, carrying with him nine sections of posts and rails. The fellow lay a short time, then raising himself into a sitting posture, he looked wildly around him. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'has the storm done much damage? Did the lightning strike any body but me?'"

LIKE YOURSEL'.—In a Scotch parish there was an ancient of the name of Saunders, whose wit was reputed to be very sharp. The laird, who was also a wag, met him one day driving a pig to market. "Weel, Saunders," quoth he, "ye're driving yer kizzen (cousin) to the market." "Na, na, laird; he's jist an auld acquaintance, like yoursel'."

IT DOESN'T MAKE IT SO.

Suppose, for instance, you suppose
  That black is white—that fast is slow—
That every wind is mild that blows,
  It really doesn't make it so.

Suppose, again, that you suppose
  You'll meet good things where'er you go—
That every sweet comes from the rose,
  It really doesn't make it so.

Suppose, once more, that you suppose
  All blisses from one fountain flow—
That all the belles are blest with beaux,
  It really doesn't make it so.

Suppose, in short, that you suppose
  Your bright-eyed love can't say you "No"—
That she despises all your foes,
  It really doesn't make it so.

"Mother," said a little boy, the other day, "I know what I would do if I was at sea, and all the men were starving, and they should draw lots to see who should be killed and eaten, and it should come to me—I'd jump into the water."

"But," said the mother, "they would soon fish you up."

"Ah," said he, "but I wouldn't *bite!*"

JUVENILE CURIOSITY.—"Won't you cut open a penny for me, father?" said a little girl, when she came home from school one day.

"Cut open a penny! What do you want me to do that for?" asked the father.

"'Cause," said the little girl, "our teacher says that in every penny there are four farthings, and I want to see them."

An Irishman was indicted at the assizes, at Tralee, for felony. His innocence was proved, but notwithstanding that the jury found him guilty. The judge was shocked, and said, "Gentlemen, the prisoner's innocence was clearly proved."

"Yes," said the foreman, "he is innocent of the crime now charged against him, but he stole my gray mare last Christmas."

A romance-reading young man was one day passing a muirland farm, which was half covered with furze and heath, and a fine back-ground of barren rocks and dark pines. He said to the farmer, who was grinding his way through the rugged earth, "A magnificent locality, Sir!—one of Nature's triumphs!—an embodiment of poetry!"

"Oh yes," said the farmer, wiping the large drops of perspiration from his brow, "the poetry of the place is vary weel, but if ye had to plow up the prose of the ground, ye'd wish the poetry far enough."

A public dinner in Edinburgh had dwindled away to two guests, an Englishman and a Highland gentleman, who were each trying to prove the superiority of their native countries. Of course at an argument of this kind a Scotchman possesses overwhelming advantages. The Highlander's logic was so good that he beat his opponent upon every point. At last the Englishman put a poser. "You will," he said, "at least admit that England is larger in extent than Scotland?"

"Certainly not," was the confident reply. "You see, Sir, ours is a mountainous country—yours is a flat. Now if all our hills were rolled out flat, we should beat you by hundreds of square miles!"

Said a conceited young lady—"You men are a covet-us set."

A man has a shrewd suspicion that age has overtaken him when he keeps assuring you that he feels as young as ever, and he doesn't know but—*younger*. Poor fellow! he whistles to keep his courage up; but, alas! he can not recall youth as he calls his pointer—with a whistle.

"Stirring times!" as the Scotch lass said when she was making porridge.

THE FIREMEN'S PARADE.

ON the evening of Saturday, 13th, the firemen of New York paraded in honor of the Prince of Wales. We give a representation of the scene on the following page. Nearly five thousand men, all in uniform, were in the procession; and the effect of the countless torches, Drummond lights, transparencies, and various illuminated devices, as the fiery train swept down Fifth Avenue, between a vast crowd on either side, was striking and impressive. It is not likely that the Prince ever saw such a sight before. Our artist has selected as the subject of his picture the moment when the procession was passing the Fifth Avenue Hotel; the Prince stands on the balcony with his suite, and bows his thanks.

THE BALL IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

WE publish on pages 664 and 665 a picture of the greatest ball ever given in the city of New York—we mean, of course, the entertainment offered to the Prince of Wales at the Academy of Music, on Friday, 12th inst. Over 3000 persons were present—those the *crême de la crême* of New York society. Loud complaints are made of the manner in which the self-constituted managers performed their task—of the greedy monopoly of tickets by some Committeemen—and of the omission from the charmed list of names which should have been there. But it is not necessary to dilate upon these matters. The ball was a great crush, and, so far as seeing the Prince went, a success. We proceed to give, from the daily papers, a few memoranda of the affair.

THE BALL AND SUPPER ROOMS.

"The ball-room comprised the parquette of the Academy, and embraced the stage. It was one hundred and thirty-five feet in length by sixty-eight feet in breadth. The end toward the stage was arranged in a semicircular form, while toward the other end were placed three superb couches. The central one was for the Prince himself, while those on either side were for his suite. Following out the general idea originally agreed on, the decorations were floral throughout the ball-room. . . . There were a vast number of chandeliers, fitted up expressly for the occasion; while toward the other end, near the stage, the usual arrangements of lights shone brilliantly even during the day, lighting the twenty carpenters who were engaged in planing the floor, covering the whole of the stage, parquette, and other parts of the building, to its furthest extremity. This part of the arrangement was particularly liberal—the order being to spare no expense. Some idea of the extent of the additional lights will be derived when it is mentioned that throughout the building no fewer than eight hundred feet of gas-pipes were laid on for the occasion, and that three hundred additional gas-burners were placed on by the gas-fitters employed for that special purpose.

"The supper room was especially erected for the occasion. It is situated in the space of ground between the Academy and the Medical College. In length it is one hundred and forty-four feet by twenty-eight feet in breadth. Connecting with the ball-room and the supper-room is a passage facing on Fourteenth Street, one hundred and fifty-four feet in length and twenty-four feet in breadth. This passage is floored with stout scarlet cloth, as are other parts of the building, same as the ball and supper rooms. The cloth furnished for the occasion is five hundred yards, and was specially dyed for the occasion, as there was not a sufficient quantity of that colored cloth in the city for the purpose. Twenty brass chandeliers, each containing six burners, were suspended from the roof, making a brilliant display. The building, which, though temporary, was constructed in such a manner as would have befitted the character of a mere permanent edifice. The arrangements for ventilation were perfect. In the centre was a tower, rising some forty feet from the level of the street, while two dormer windows were placed at each end. The entire building was draped in alternate strips of pink and white muslin, with large mirrors intervening. These were twenty-four in number, and made a splendid show. All along the supper-room were two tables, from top to bottom, at which the assembled party took supper at a late period of the evening. They were brilliant in all the appointments of gold, silver, and china-ware. At the upper end was the Prince's table, raised on a dais, semicircular in form, at which the guest of the evening and his immediate suite were placed."

THE GUESTS.

The *Herald* reporter says: "The Academy, at ten o'clock, was filled, and those who arrived later sank unregarded into the throng, like rain-drops into the ocean. The private boxes were full; the tiers were occupied by those who preferred to overlook the brilliant assemblage which moved restlessly beneath. The Japanese ball was crowded; but there the crowd was divided into sections by the various rooms; but here in one vast area was collected the *élite* of New York society. Beneath the thousands of gas-lights the crowd surged backward and forward, shifting and changing like the figures in a kaleidoscope, or like the ocean rippling beneath gentle winds and bright sunshine. There was no jam, for 'a jam' expresses a fixed, immovable body of persons; this was rather a throng, a crowd—mobile, variable, versatile, fickle, quick, changing. A sea of heads, but besides a sea of colors, the light flashing back from the gayest and richest of dresses, from pearly white shoulders and brilliant complexions, from jewels iris-hued and rivaling in brightness the eyes which flashed above them. The full-dress black coats absorbed the superfluous light, and softened the blaze of the thousand lamps. The rich military uniforms, ornamented with golden lace and epaulets, relieved the uniformity of the gentlemen's toilets. The throng seemed to diminish the size of the house, and yet, by a common but singular paradox, aided one to appreciate its great extent. Filled, but not jammed; crowded, but with plenty of room for all to move comfortably and without disturbance—for separate entrances were reserved for egress and ingress—the Academy was ready for the arrival of the Prince."

THE DRESSES.

The *Herald* reporter says: "The ladies of New York are already celebrated for the taste and costliness of their dress, and the toilets at the most *recherché* ball ever attempted in New York were, therefore, certain to be distinguished by a beauty and splendor only rivaled by the glories of fairy-land. The first effect upon the senses was indeed so dazzling as to render it impossible to separate any distinct or individual effects. Flowers reposing in folds of fleecy lace, lace rising and falling in rich foam-like waves, jewels paling before the fire of bright eyes, or flashing back radiantly from velvet back-grounds; gold and silver glittering in the transparent tarlatane fabrics so thickly embroidered with the same precious substance that they looked like cloth of gold; silver brocade, fair and shining, looking kindly on the stiff and stately moire; flowers, ribbons, jewels, fans, feathers, and the odor of a thousand parterres, all mingling with the lights, the music, and the graceful moving throng. For the benefit of lady-readers we endeavored to single out some of the toilets, not perhaps those that were the most striking, but which were distinguished for their good taste, and may serve as a guide in costuming for the balls of the coming winter."

The *Times* reporter writes: "One might almost have fancied himself in St. Petersburg, for although a single Woronzoff *parure* would have driven any particular dowager or dame before you quite mad with envy, yet the distribution of diamonds was so wide that, glanced at from a distance, they made a most effective element in the *coup d'œil* of the ball. One splendid *riviere* which recently astounded the city in the cases of Tiffany was most charmingly displayed upon the graceful beauty of Mrs. Belmont, and shone afar even over the glittering crowd, from her place on the right of the stage, a quarter, by-the-way, much affected during the troublous beginning of the *fête* by numerous fair ladies, partly perhaps from alarm and partly from its advantages as a capital setting to such lovely pictures.

"Diamonds aside, however, the exhibition of toilets, of which even the crowd, the crushing and the crash, could not suppress the fresh, and crisp, and rustling beauty, was something marvelous. It was as if all the looms of the world had made a wager together to hold a grand fair in New York. One only embarrassment is in the task of selection, and so, as we said before, we sha'n't select. There passes before us, as the names of the queens of the evening float up in our memory, such a kaleidoscope of azure colors and cloudy laces, and gleaming jewels, that it seems idle to attach mortal names to such a phantasmagoria of brilliant effects. We have already spoken of Mrs. Morgan and her diamonds, and of Mrs. Belmont and her diamonds. We might go on in the same way, with perfect truth, to speak of half the ladies of New York and their diamonds. Diamonds *went* aside, for they were rather the rule than the exception of the evening. Mrs. Robert B. Minturn contrived to throw them into the shade with a waving head-dress of ostrich feathers, altogether courtly and precious, without reference to its implied compliment to the Prince and his plume. Mrs. Aspinwall was also notable in a glory of blue moire antique, powdered with jewels, and Mrs. Grinnell, in black moire antique, decidedly declined the condition of a 'dowager.' A delicate shade of mauve-color, flounced with laces, till they seemed a sort of frosted amethyst, and icicled over with glittering diamonds, varied the expanse of more familiar tints. Mrs. Hamilton Fish, and the muse of the drama, in the person of Mrs. Hoey, of Wallack's Theatre, were conspicuous patronesses of this pleasing hue."

AN INCIDENT.

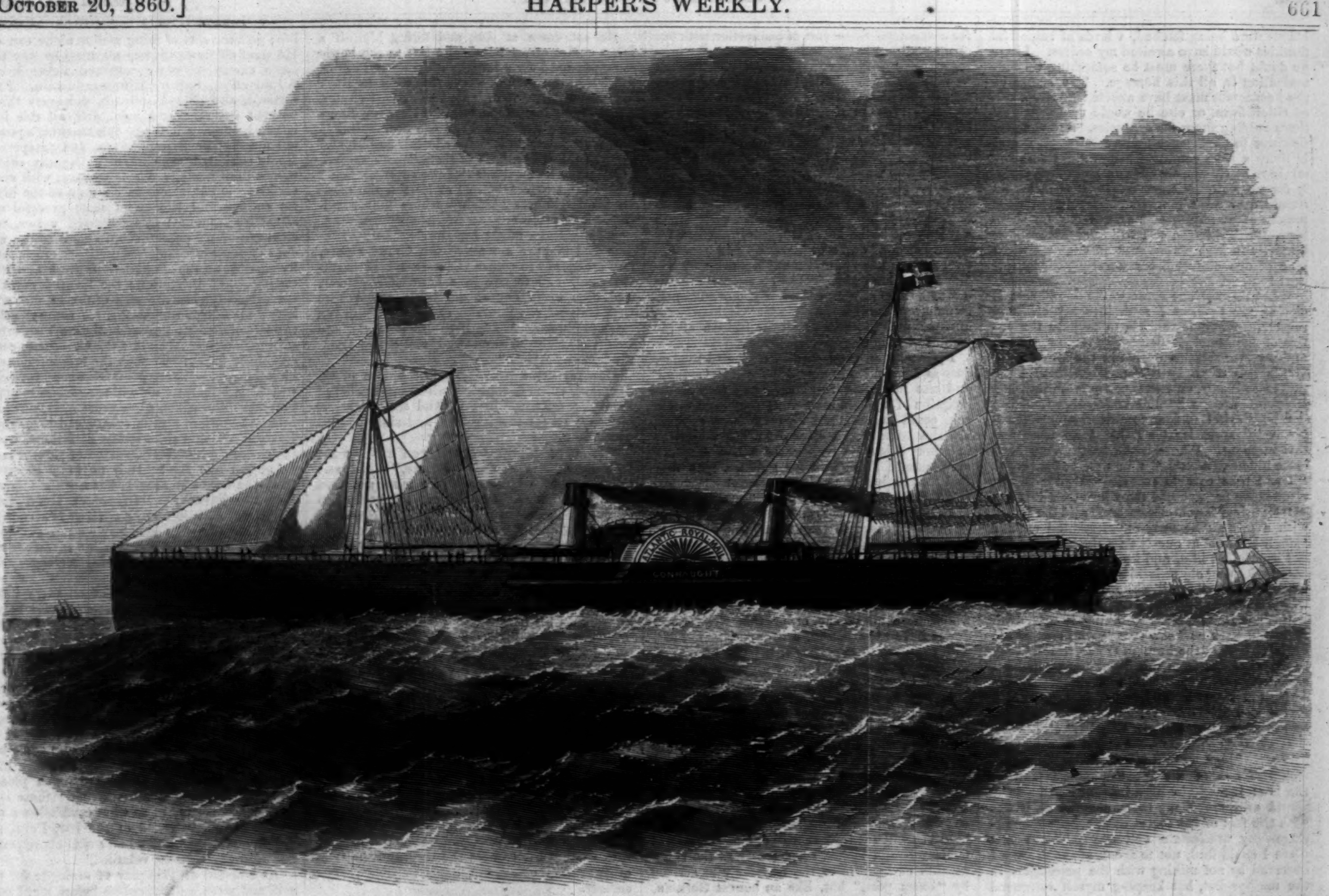
"While the royal party were observing the throng and the decorations of the room, a sudden rustle and movement of the crowd backward announced that some accident was about to happen, and in a moment after one of the flower vases upon the front tier fell with a great crash to the floor, scattering its roses upon the people standing by, but fortunately injuring no one. There was a moment's confusion, and then the company, prudently returning from the neighborhood of the vases, remained silent, while the committee presented the Prince with an order of dancing, of which the following is a copy:

1.	Quadrille	Haute Volee	Strauss.
2.	Waltz	Prince of Wales	Muzio.
3.	Lancers	National	Noll.
4.	Galop	Salute	Michaelis.
5.	Quadrille	Freischutz	Weber.
6.	Polka	Addie	Muzio.
7.	Waltz	Victoria	Lanner.
8.	Lancers	Royal Prince Guard	Noll.
9.	Galop	Una Scomessa	Muzio.
10.	Waltz	Minot Klaenge	Strauss.
11.	Lancers	Vis-à-Vis	Rietzel.
12.	Polka	Sylphide	Bilse.
13.	Galop	Liederkranz	Noll.
14.	Quadrille	A la Mode	Strauss.
15.	Waltz	Nach and Violen	Lanner.
16.	Lancers	Les Guides	Rietzel.
17.	Galop	Fest	Lambye.
18.	Polka	Sans Souci	Strauss.
19.	Lancers	Original	——.
20.	Waltz	Dream of the Ocean	Gungl.
21.	Galop	Ernani	Verdi.

"Scarcely had the Prince taken his card when another flower-vase fell, and the moment afterward a portion of the dancing-floor gave way with a great crash, fortunately injuring no one, however. As the crowd retired, frightened, to various parts of the floor, it gave way beneath them. This was three times repeated, two persons being precipitated to the stage beneath, but not being injured. The floor rather sank than fell, the props beneath it being insufficient to sustain the weight of the throng. The gentlemen of the committee generally, of the sub-committee of the house and decorations particularly, must divide the blame of this *contretemps* with the carpenters, who should have understood and completed their work much better."

The ball was kept up till five o'clock; the Prince left at half past four.

GRAND TORCH-LIGHT PARADE OF THE NEW YORK FIREMEN IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, PASSING THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, OCTOBER 13, 1860.—[See preceding Page.]



THE STEAMSHIP "CONNAUGHT," BURNED AT SEA, OCTOBER 7, 1860.

THE LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "CONNAUGHT."

WE publish above a picture of the steamship *Connaught*, which was burned at sea on Sunday, 7th inst., 140 miles from Boston. She was on her western voyage, and had left St. Johns, Newfoundland, on 5th. The history of the wreck is thus described by the Captain:

"Saturday, the 6th inst., at eight o'clock P.M., one hundred and forty miles east of Boston, the *Connaught* sprang a leak in the engine-room. Succeeded in keeping it below the fires until one o'clock on Sunday morning, when it commenced to gain rapidly, and finally extinguished the fires. At half past nine o'clock discovered smoke from the aft smoke-hole. Notwithstanding the utmost exertions to prevent it, the fire gained rapidly, and very soon drove the cabin passengers on deck. As the water and fire both gained so fast, the boats were got ready to save the passengers. There was a heavy sea running, and the first boat that was lowered was stove. Six other boats were then launched successfully, and all of them filled with passengers. About twelve o'clock the brig *Minnie Schiffler* saw our signals of distress and bore down to us. At seven P.M. commenced the task of embarking the passengers on board the brig, that vessel having attached a hawser to the steamer. At this time the starboard side of the steamer was very hot. By half past nine P.M. all the passengers were placed safely on board of the brig."

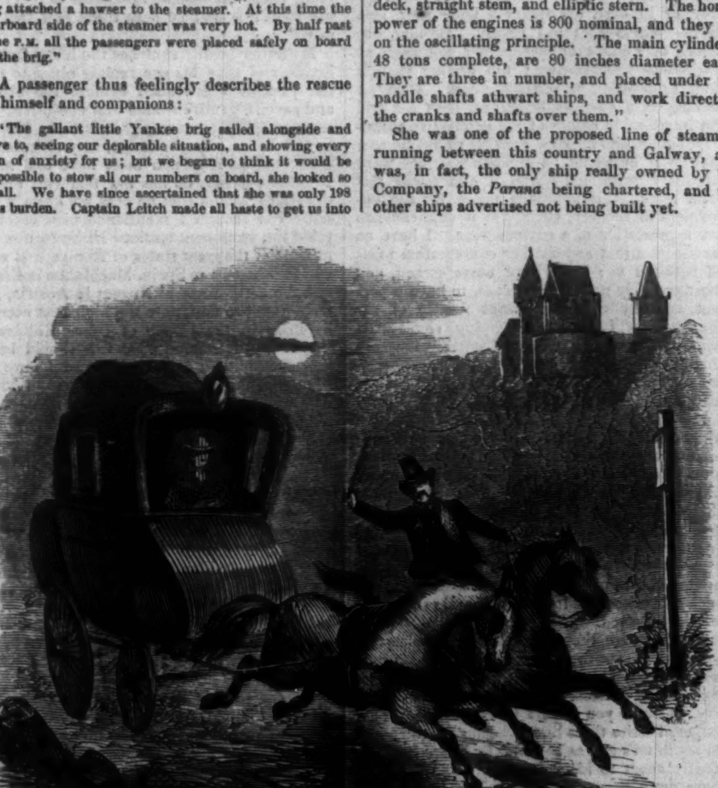
A passenger thus feelingly describes the rescue of himself and companions:

"The gallant little Yankee brig sailed alongside and hove to, seeing our deplorable situation, and showing every sign of anxiety for us; but we began to think it would be impossible to stow all our numbers on board, she looked so small. We have since ascertained that she was only 198 tons burden. Captain Leitch made all haste to get us into the boats, which was extremely difficult, being lowered one by one with ropes (Captain Leitch stood by all the time), commencing with the women and children. But with all the exertions that could be made, when the sun went down only about two hundred had been got on board the brig. Captain Wilson, of the brig, said, 'This is a horrible affair to see the sun going down and so many people yet on board the wreck, settling down and burning up. I will do all in my power to save them.' Several of the boats' crews, on reaching the brig, refused to return, when Captain Wilson said, 'I will go almost alongside and take a hawser from on board, and then you will be in little or no danger. I must get every one from the wreck.' This he did, which had the effect of giving confidence, and by great exertion all were got on board the brig by eleven o'clock P.M.

"Captain Leitch and his first officer remained on board until almost surrounded with flames, and until every soul was saved. Captain Wilson then sent alongside to beg him to come away. The flames were shooting up the masts, throwing a strong and melancholy light over the sea. Captain Leitch reached the brig just at midnight."

A recent account of the *Connaught* thus described her: "The length of the *Connaught* is 378 feet, and 360 feet between perpendiculars; her beam is 40 feet, over all 71 feet 6 inches; her depth of hold is 30 feet. The *Connaught* is constructed with a spar deck, straight stem, and elliptic stern. The horse-power of the engines is 800 nominal, and they are on the oscillating principle. The main cylinders, 48 tons complete, are 80 inches diameter each. They are three in number, and placed under the paddle shafts athwart ships, and work direct to the cranks and shafts over them."

She was one of the proposed line of steamers running between this country and Galway, and was, in fact, the only ship really owned by the Company, the *Parana* being chartered, and the other ships advertised not being built yet.



"IT WAS AT NIGHTFALL THAT I DROVE INTO KALBBRATENSTADT," ETC.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

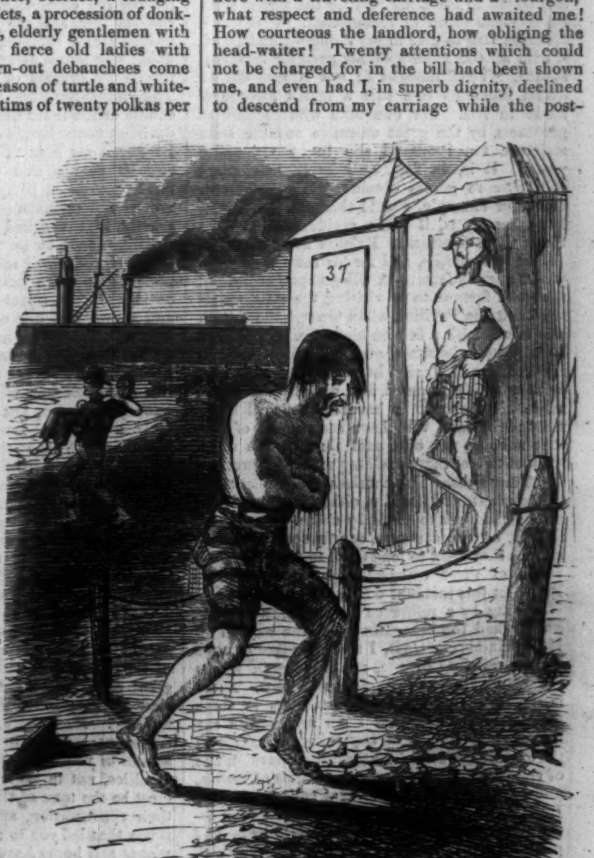
AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

I GREW impatient to leave Ostend; every association connected with the place was unpleasant. I hope I am not unjust in my estimate of it. I sincerely desire to be neither unjust to men nor cities, but I thought it vulgar and commonplace. I know it is hard for a watering-place to be otherwise; there is something essentially low in the green-baize and bathing-house existence in that semi-nude sociality, begun on the sands and carried out into deep water, which I can not abide. I abhor, besides, a lounging population in fancy toilets, a procession of donkeys in scarlet trappings, elderly gentlemen with pocket-telescopes, and fierce old ladies with camp-stools. The worn-out debauchees come to recruit for another season of turtle and white-bait; the half-faded victims of twenty polkas per night, the tiresome politician, pale from a long session, all fiercely bent on fresh diet and sea-breezes, are perfect antipathies to me, and I would rather seek companionship in a Tyrol village than amidst these wounded and missing of a London season.

With all this, I wanted to get away from the vicinity of the Jopplyns—they were positively odious to me. Is not the man who holds in his keeping one scrap of your handwriting which displays you in a light of absurdity, far more your enemy than the holder of your protested bill? I own I think so. Debt is a very human weakness; like disease, it attacks the best and the noblest among us. You may pity the fellow that can not meet that acceptance, you may be sorry for the anxiety it occasions him, the fruitless running here and there, the protestations, promises, and even lies, he goes through, but no sense of ludicrous scorn mingles with your compassion, none of that contemptuous laughter with which you read a copy of absurd verses or a maudlin love-letter. Imagine the difference of tone in him who says: "That's an old bill of poor Potts's; he'll never pay it now, and I'm sure I'll never ask him." Or, "Just read those lines; would you believe that any creature out of Hanwell could descend to such miserable drivel as that? It was one Potts who wrote it."

I wonder could I obtain my manuscript from Jopplyn before I started? What pretext could I adduce for the request? While I thus pondered, I packed up my few wearables in my knapsack and prepared for the road. They were, indeed, a very scanty supply, and painfully suggested to my mind the estimate waiters and hotel-porters must form of their owner. "Cruel world," muttered I, "whose maxim is, 'By their outsides shall ye judge them.' Had I arrived here with a traveling-carriage and a 'fourgon,' what respect and deference had awaited me! How courteous the landlord, how obliging the head-waiter! Twenty attentions which could not be charged for in the bill had been shown me, and even had I, in superb dignity, declined to descend from my carriage while the post-



"IN THAT SEMI-NUDE SOCIALITY, BEGUN ON THE SANDS," ETC.

horses were being fetched, a levée of respectful flunkies would have awaited my orders. I have no doubt but there must be something very intoxicating in all this homage. The smoke of the hecatombs must have affected Jove as a sort of chloroform, or else he would never have sat there sniffing them for centuries. Are you ever destined to experience these sensations, Potts? Is there a time coming when anxious ears will strain to catch your words, and eyes watch eagerly for your slightest gestures? If such an era should ever come it will be a great one for the masses of mankind, and an evil day for snobbery. Such a lesson as I will read the world on humility in high places, such an example will I give of one elevated, but uncorrupted, by fortune!

"Let the carriage come to the door," said I, closing my eyes, as I sank into my chair in reverie. "Tell my people to prepare the entire of the Hôtel de Belle Vue for my arrival, and my own cook to preside in the kitchen."

"Is this to go by the omnibus?" said the waiter, suddenly, on entering my room in haste. He pointed to my humble knapsack.

"Yes," said I, in deep confusion—"yes, that's my luggage—at least all that I have here at this moment. Where is the bill? Very moderate indeed," muttered I, in a tone of approval. "I will take care to recommend your house; attendance prompt and the wines excellent."

"Monsieur is complimentary," said the fellow, with a grin; "he only experimented upon a 'small Beaune' at one-twenty the bottle."

I scowled at him, and he shrank again.

"And this 'objet' is also monsieur's," said he, taking up a small white canvas bag which was inclosed in my railroad wrapper.

"What is it?" cried I, taking it up. I almost fell back as I saw that it was one of the dispatch bags of the Foreign Office, which in my hasty departure from the Dover train I had accidentally carried off with me. There it was, addressed to "Sir Shalley Doubleton, H.M.'s Envoy and Minister at Hesse-Kalbbratenstadt, by the Hon. Grey Buller, Attaché," etc.

Here was not alone what might be construed into a theft, but what it was well possible might comprise one of the gravest offenses against the law: it might be high treason itself. Who would ever credit my story, coupled as it was with the fact of my secret escape from the carriage—my precipitate entrance into the first place I could find, not to speak of the privacy I observed by not mixing with the passengers in the mail-packet, but keeping myself estranged from all observation in the captain's cabin. Here, too, was the secret of the skipper's politeness to me: he saw the bag, and believed me to be a Foreign Office messenger, and this was his meaning, as he said, "I can answer for him he can't delay much here." Yes; this was the entire mystification by which I obtained his favor, his politeness, and his protection. What was to be done in this exigency? Had the waiter not seen the bag, and with the instincts of his craft calmly perused the address on it, I believe, nay, I am quite convinced, I should have burned it and its contents on the spot. The thought of his evidence against me in the event of a discovery, however, entirely routed this notion, and, after a brief consideration, I resolved to convey the bag to its destination, and trump up the most plausible explanation I could of the way it came into my possession. His excellency, I reasoned, will doubtless be too delighted to receive his dispatches to inquire too minutely as to the means by which they were recovered, nor is it quite impossible that he may feel bound to mark my zeal for the public service by some token of recognition. This was a pleasant turn to give to my thoughts, and I took it with all the avidity of my peculiar temperament. "Yes," thought I; "it is just out of trivial incidents like this a man's fortune is made in life. For one man who mounts to greatness by the great entrance and the state staircase ten thousand slip in by 'la petite poste.' It is, in fact, only by these chances that obscure genius obtains acknowledgment. How, for example, should this great diplomatist know Potts, if some accident should not throw them together? Raleigh flung his laced jacket in a puddle, and for his reward he got a proud queen's favor. A village apothecary had the good fortune to be visiting the state apartments at the Pavilion when George the Fourth was seized with a fit; he bled him, brought him back to consciousness, and made him laugh by his genial and quaint humor. The king took a fancy to him, named him his physician, and made his fortune. I have often heard it remarked by men who have seen much of life, that nobody, not one, goes through the world without two or three such opportunities presenting themselves. The careless, the indolent, the unobservant, and the idle, either fail to remark, or are too slow to profit by them. The sharp fellows, on the contrary, see in such incidents all that they need to lead them to success. Into which of these categories you are to enter, Potts, let this incident decide."

Having by a reference to my John Murray ascertained the whereabouts of the capital of Hesse-Kalbbratenstadt, I took my place at once on the rail for Cologne, reading myself up on the beauty and the belongings as I went. There is, however, such a dreary sameness in these small ducal states, that I am ashamed to say how little I gleaned of any thing distinctive in the case before me. The reigning sovereign was of course married to a grand-duchess of Russia, and he lived at a country seat called Ludwig's Lust, or Carl's Lust, as it might be, "took little interest in politics"—how should he?—and passed much of his time in mechanical pursuits, in which he had attained considerable proficiency; in other words, he was a middle-aged gentleman, fond of his pipe, and with a taste for carpentry. Some sort of connection with our own royal family had been the pretext for having a resident minister at his court, though what he was to do when he was there seemed not so easy to say. Even John, glorious John, was puzzled how to make a respectable half crown out of his capital, though there was a dome in the Byzantine style, with an altar-piece by Peter von Grys, the angels in the corner being added afterward by Hans Lüders; and there was a Hof Theatre, and an excellent inn, the "Schwein," by Krann, where the sausages of home manufacture were highly recommendable, no less than a table wine of the host's vineyard, called "Magenschmerzer," and which, Murray adds, would doubtless, if known, find many admirers in England; and lastly, but far from leastly, there was a Musik Garten, where popular pieces were performed very finely by an excellent German band, and to which promenade all the fashion of the capital nightly resorted.

I give you all these details, respected reader, just as I got them in my "Northern Germany," and not intending to obtrude any further description of my own upon you; for who, I would ask, could amplify upon his Hand-book? What remains to be noted after John has taken the inventory? has he forgotten a nail or a saint's shin-bone? With him for guide, a man may feel that he has done his Europe conscientiously; and though it be hard to treasure up all the hard names of poets, painters, priests, and warriors, it is not worse than botany, and about as profitable.

For the same reason that I have given above, I spare my reader all the circumstances of my journey, my difficulties about carriage, my embarrassments about steamboats, and cab fares, which were all of the order that Brown and Jones have experienced, are experiencing, and will continue to experience, till the arrival of that millenniary period when we shall all converse in any tongue we please.

It was at nightfall that I drove into Kalbbratenstadt, my postillion announcing my advent at the gates, and all the way to the Platz, where the inn stood, by a volley of whip-crackings which might have announced a grand-duke or a prima donna. Some casements were hastily opened as we rumbled along, and the guests of a café issued hurriedly into the street to watch us; but these demonstrations over, I gained the Schwein without further notice, and descended.

Herr Krann looked suspiciously at the small amount of luggage of the traveler who arrived by "extra post," but, like an honest German, he was not one to form rash judgments, and so he showed me to a comfortable apartment, and took my orders for supper in all respectfulness. He waited upon me also at my meal, and gave me opportunity for conversation. While I ate my Carbonade mit Kartoffel Salad, therefore, I learned that, being already nine o'clock, it was far too late an hour to present myself at the English Embassy—for so he designated our minister's residence; that at this advanced period of the night there were but few citizens out of their beds; the ducal candle was always extinguished at half past eight, and only roisterers and revelers kept it up much later. My first surprise over, I own I liked all this. It smacked of that simple patriarchal existence I had so long yearned after. Let the learned explain it; but there is, I assert, something in the early hours of a people that guarantee habits of simplicity, thrift, and order. It is all very well to say that people can be as wicked at eight in the evening as at two or three in the morning; that crime cares little for the clock, nor does vice respect the chronometer; but does experience confirm this, and are not the small hours notorious for the smallest moralities? The grand-duke, who is fast asleep at nine, is scarcely disturbed by dreams of cruelties to his people. The police-minister, who takes his bedroom candle at the same hour, is seldom harassed by devising new schemes of torture for his victims. I suffered my host to talk largely of his town and its people, and probably such a listener rarely presented himself, for he certainly improved the occasion. He assured me, with a gravity that vouched for the conviction, the capital, though by no means so dear as London or Paris, contained much if not all these more pretentious cities could boast. There was a court, a theatre, a promenade, a public fountain, and a new jail, one of the largest in all Germany. Jenny Lind had once sung at the opera on her way to Vienna; and to prove how they sympathized in every respect with greater centres of population, when the cholera raged at Berlin, they, too, lost about four hundred of their townsfolk. Lastly, he mentioned, and this boastfully, that though neither wanting in organs of public opinion, nor men of adequate ability to guide them, the Kalbbrateners had never mixed themselves up in politics, but proudly maintained that calm and dignified attitude which Europe would one day appreciate; that is, if she ever arrived at the crowning knowledge of the benefit of letting her differences be decided by some impartial umpire.

More than once, as I heard him, I muttered to myself, "Potts, this is the very spot you have sought for; here is all the tranquil simplicity of the village, with the elevated culture of a great city. Here are sages and philosophers clad in homespun, Beauty herself in linsey-woolsey. Here there are no vulgar rivalries of riches, no contests in fine clothes, no opposing armies of yellow plush. Men are great by their faculties, not in their flunkies. How elevated must be the tone of their thoughts, the style of their conversation, and what a lucky accident it was that led you to that goal to which all your wishes and hopes have been converging!

"For how much can a man live—a single gentleman like myself—here in your city?" asked I, of my host.

He sat down at this, and filling himself a large goblet of my wine—the last in the bottle—he prepared for a lengthy séance. "First of all," said he, "how would he wish to live? Would he desire to mingle in our best circles, equal to any in Europe, to know Herr von Krugwitz, and the Grändige Frau von Steinhaltz?"

"Well," thought I, "these be fair ambitions." And I said, "Yes, both of them."

"And to be on the list of the court-dinners? There are two yearly, one at Easter, the other on his Highness's birthday, whom may Providence long protect!"

"To this also might I aspire."

"And to have a stall at the Grand Opera, and a carriage to return visits—twice in carnival time—and to live in a handsome quarter, and dine every day at our table d'hôte here with General von Beulwitz and the Hofrath von Schlaffrichter? A life like this is costly, and would scarcely be comprised under two thousand florins a year."

How my heart bounded at the notion of refinement, culture, elevated minds, and polished habits! "science," indeed, and the "musical glasses," all for one hundred and sixty pounds per annum.

"It is not improbable that you will see me your guest for many a day to come," said I, as I ordered another bottle, and of a more generous vintage, to honor the occasion. My host offered no opposition to my convivial projects—nay, he aided them by saying,

"If you have really an appreciation for something superexcellent in wine, and wish to taste what Freitagrath calls der Deutschen Nectar, I'll go and fetch you a bottle."

"Bring it, by all means," said I. And away he went on his mission.

"Providence blessed me with two hands," said he, as he re-entered the room, "and I have brought two flasks of Lieb Herzenthaler."

There is something very artistic in the way your picture-dealer, having brushed away the dust from a Mieris or a Gerard Dow, places the work in a favorite light before you, and then stands to watch the effect on your countenance. So, too, will your man of rare manuscripts and illuminated missals offer to your notice some illegible treasure of the fourth century; but these are nothing to the mysterious solemnity of him who, uncorking a bottle of rare wine, waits to note the varying sensations of your first enjoyment down to your perfect ecstasy.

I tried to perform my part of the piece with credit: I looked long at the amber-colored liquor in the glass—I sniffed it, and smiled approvingly; the host smiled too, and said "Ja." Not another syllable did he utter; but how expressive was that "Ja!" "Ja" meant, "You are right, Potts, it is the veritable wine of 1764, bottled for the Herzog Ludwig's marriage; every drop of it is priceless. Mark the odor, how it perfumes the air around us; regard the color—the golden hair of Venus can alone rival it: see how the oily globules cling to the glass!" "Ja" meant all this, and more.

As I drank off my glass I was sorely puzzled by the precise expression in which to couch my approval; but he supplied it, and said, "Is it not Göttlich?" and I said it *was* Göttlich; and while we finished the two bottles this solitary phrase sufficed for converse between us; Göttlich being uttered by each as he drained his glass, and Göttlich being re-echoed by his companion.

There is great wisdom in reducing our admiration to a word—giving, as it were, a cognate number to our estimate of any thing. Wherever we amplify we usually blunder: we employ epithets that give our expressions that degree, or in even questionable taste soar into extravagances that are absurd. Besides, our moods of highest enjoyment are not such as dispose to talkativeness: the ecstasy that is most enthralling is self-contained. Who, on looking at a glorious landscape, does not feel the insufferable bathos of the descriptive enthusiast beside him? How grateful would he own himself if he would be satisfied with one word for his admiration! And if one needs this calm repose, this unbroken peace, for the enjoyment of scenery, equally is it applicable to our appreciation of a curious wine. I have no recollection that any further conversation passed between us; but I have never ceased, and most probably never shall cease, to have a perfect memory of the pleasant ramble of my thoughts, as I sat there sipping, sipping. I pondered long over a plan of settling down in this place for life, by what means I could realize sufficient to live in that elevated sphere the host spoke of. If Potts père—I mean my father—were to learn that I was received in the highest circles, admitted to all that was most socially exclusive, would he be induced to make an adequate provision for me? He was an ambitious and a worldly man. Would he see in these beginnings of mine the seeds of future greatness? Fathers, I well knew, are splendidly generous to their successful children, and the "poor they send empty away." It is so pleasant to aid him who does not need assistance, and such a hopeless task to be always saving him who *will* be drowned.

My first care, therefore, should be to impress upon my parent the appropriateness of his contributing his share to what already was an accomplished success. "Wishing, as the French say, to make you a part in my triumph, dear father, I write these lines." How I picture him to my mind's eye as he reads this, running frantically about to his neighbors, and saying, "I have got a letter from Algy—strange boy—but as I always foresaw, with great stuff in him, very remarkable abilities. See what he has done! struck out a perfect line of his own in life; just the sort of thing genius alone can do. He went off from this one morning by way of a day's excursion, never returned, never wrote. All my efforts to trace him were in vain. I advertised, and offered rewards, did every thing, without success; and now, after all this long interval, comes a letter by this morning's post to tell me that he is well, happy, and prosperous. He is settled, it appears, in a German capital with a hard name, a charming spot, with every accessory of enjoyment in it: men of the highest culture, and women of most graceful and attractive manners; as he himself writes, 'the elegance of a Parisian salon added to the wisdom of the professor's cabinet.' Here is Algy living with all that is highest in rank and most distinguished in station; the favored guest of the prince, the bosom friend of the English minister; his advice sought for, his counsel asked in every difficulty; trusted in the most important state offices, and taken into the most secret councils of the duchy. Though the requirements of his station make heavy demands upon his means, very little help from me will enable him to maintain a position which a few years more will have consolidated into a rank recognized throughout Europe. Would the flintiest of fathers, would the most primitive-rock-hearted of parents resist an appeal like this? It is no hand to rescue from the waves is sought, but a little finger to help to affluence." "Of course you'd do it, Potts, and do it liberally; the boy is a credit to you. He will place your name where you never dreamed to see it. What do you mean to settle on him? Above all things, no stinginess; don't disgust him."

I hear these and such like on every hand; even the most close-fisted and miserly of our acquaintances will be generous of their friend's money; and I think I hear the sage remarks with which they season advice with touching allusions to that well-known ship that was lost for want of a small outlay in tar. "Come down handsomely, Potts," says a resolute man, who has sworn never to pay a sixpence of his son's debts. "What better use can we make of our hoardings than to render our young people happy?" I don't like the man who says this, but I like his sentiments; and I am much pleased when he goes on to remark that "there is no such good investment as what establishes a successful son. Be proud of the boy, Potts, and thank your stars that he had a soul above senna, and a spirit above sal volatile!"

As I invent all this play of dialogue for myself, and picture the speakers before me, I come at last to a small peevish little fellow named Lynch, a merchant tailor, who lived next door to us, and enjoyed much of my father's confidence. "So they tell me you have heard from that runaway of yours, Potts. Is it true? What face does he put upon his disgraceful conduct? What became of the livery-stable keeper's horse? Did he sell him or ride him to death? A bad business if he should ever come back again, which, of course, he's too wise for. And where is he now, and what is he at?"

"You may read his letter, Mr. Lynch," replies my father; "he is one who can speak for himself." And Lynch reads and sniggers, and reads again. I see him as plainly as if he were but a yard from me. "I never heard of this ducal capital before," he begins, "but I suppose it's like the rest of them—little obscure dens of pretentious poverty, plenty of ceremony and very little to eat. How did he find it out? What brought him there?"

"You have his letter before you, Sir," says my parent, proudly. "Algernon Sydney is, I imagine, quite competent to explain what relates to his own affairs."

"Oh, perfectly, perfectly; only that I can't really make out how he first came to this place, nor what it is that he does there now that he's in it."

My father hastily snatches the letter from his hands, and runs his eye rapidly along to catch the passage which shall confute the objector and cover him with shame and confusion. He can not find it at once. "It is this. No, it is on this side. Very strange, very singular, indeed; but as Algernon must have told me—" Alas! no, father, he has not told you, and for the simple reason that he does not know it himself. For though I mentioned with becoming pride the prominent stations Irishmen now hold in most of the great states of Europe, and pointed to O'Donnell in Spain, MacMahon in France, and the Field-Marshal Nugent in Austria, I utterly forgot to designate the high post occupied by Potts in the Duchy of Hesse Kalbbratenstadt. To determine what this should be was now of imminent importance, and I gave myself up to the solution with a degree of intentness and an amount of concentration that set me off sound asleep.

Yes, benevolent reader, I will confess it, questions of a complicated character have always affected me, as the inside of a letter seems to have struck Tony Lumpkin—"all buzz." I start with the most loyal desire to be acute and penetrating; I set myself to my task with as honest a disposition to do my best as ever man did; I say, "Now, Potts, no self-indulgence, no skulking; here is a knotty problem, here is a case for your best faculties in their sharpest exercise;" and if any one come in upon me about ten minutes after this resolve, he will see a man who could beat Sancho Panza in sleeping!

Of course this tendency has often cost me dearly; I have missed appointments, forgotten assignations, lost friends through it. My character, too, has suffered, many deeming me insupportably indolent, a sluggard quite unfit for any active employment. Others, more mercifully hinting at some "cerebral cause," have done me equal damage; but there happily is an obverse on the medal, and to this somnolency

do I ascribe much of the gentleness and all the romance of my nature. It is your sleepy man is over-benevolent, he loves ease and quiet for others as for himself. What he cultivates is the tranquil mood that leads to slumber, and the calm that sustains it. The very operations of the mind in sleep are broken, incoherent, undelineated—just like the waking occupations of an idle man; they are thoughts that cost so little to manufacture that he can afford to be lavish of them. And now—Good-night!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

ELECTIONS took place, as usual, on 9th October, in the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Minnesota, and Iowa. So far as heard from the results are in every case favorable to the Republicans. In Pennsylvania, Mr. Curtin, the Republican candidate for Governor, is probably elected by a majority of from 25,000 to 30,000; the Senate will probably stand 25 Republicans to 8 Democrats, and the House 67 Republicans to 33 Democrats. In Ohio the Republican majority on the State ticket is estimated at about 20,000. In Indiana, the Republican majority is said to be from 5000 to 10,000. We have not yet heard details from Iowa or Minnesota; the Republicans, however, have carried those States beyond a doubt.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

On Sunday, 7th, the Prince of Wales attended divine service at St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Virginia; after church he visited Governor Letcher, and had a large dinner party in the evening. On Monday, at 9 A.M., the party left for Washington by the same road as they had taken on their way to Richmond, and without stopping proceeded to Baltimore, where they arrived at 8.30 P.M. He did not go out in the evening. On Tuesday, 9th, after a drive round Baltimore in company with the Mayor, the Prince and suite left for Philadelphia at noon, and arrived at his destination at half past four. He drove at once to his rooms at the Continental, and did not go out during the evening. On Wednesday he drove out to see races at Point Breeze Park, and in the evening attended the opera. On Thursday he left at 9.30 A.M. for New York, where he was received by a grand military and popular display. On Friday, 12th, the Prince of Wales and suite visited the New York University, the Woman's Library, the Astor Library, the Cooper Institute, and the Free Academy; and then rode to the Central Park, where he assisted at the transplanting of an English oak and an American elm. At most of these places addresses were presented to the Prince. At 1 P.M. he lunched at the residence of Mayor Wood, on the Bloomingdale Road; and at 3½ o'clock he was received at the Deaf and Dumb Institution, at Fort Washington. Leaving there, he rode to the foot of Two Hundred and Fifteenth Street, and, embarking in the *Trumpeter*, sailed through Harlem River, under the High Bridge, past the institutions to the East River, down which he sailed in the *Harriet Lane*. It was 6½ P.M. when the Royal party landed at the foot of Twenty-second Street, North River, and returned to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. In the evening he attended the ball at the Academy.

THE PRINCE AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The Prince made several remarks appreciative of the glorious character of the man whose death was deplored by his country, and whose deeds and history are imperishable. He expressed a desire to plant a tree on the spot in commemoration of his visit, and, some horse chestnuts having been handed to him, he stooped down and placed them in the earth. He afterward put a few more in his pocket with the intention, as he said, of planting them in Windsor Park on his return home as another memento of a visit which he should ever regard with feelings of peculiar interest."

HE IS BADLY TREATED AT RICHMOND.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "Early in the morning the street in front of the hotel was crowded with a shouting, yelling crowd, awaiting the Prince's appearance. The Prince came out, bowing to the people, and drove off, the crowd running after and yelling. On their return home from church, another crowd awaited the party at the hotel, where they were received with more cheers and yells.

"All day long the staircase and halls were filled with curious spectators, among whom were many ladies, shouting 'There he goes!' and anxious to see even the footmen. There were no police, and no order. It was worse than the Japanese reception at Washington or Philadelphia."

HIS FEMININE CORRESPONDENTS.

He adds: "Before the Prince arrived in Philadelphia the ladies were out in large numbers, and swarmed to the Continental Hotel to inspect the Prince's splendid apartments, to sit where he was to sit, and begin the excitement *à la* Japanese. They were escorted in and out of the rooms in parties of three and four, and seemed to feel easier after the visit. This, and a number of letters directed to the Prince in feminine chirography, were the only indications at the hotel that the Prince would arrive. If the ladies only knew the fate of these letters—how they were read by all the suite, laughed at, and destroyed as beneath notice—perhaps stationery dealers and post-offices would not be so largely patronized.

HE IS SEIZED BY A RAILWAY OFFICIAL.

"When the Prince arrived at the hotel at Philadelphia, he sprang out of his carriage with his usual agility, and to avoid the crowd rushed for the stairs, and into the arms of the superintendent, who stopped him, and would not allow him to pass. In vain the Prince struggled and kicked. The superintendent kept fast hold until Mayor Henry rushed up and relieved his Royal Highness from this international embrace. The superintendent bowed low, and begged pardon, but, with the natural tendency to self-defense, asked, 'Why didn't he speak?' 'Oh,' said the Prince, running ahead, 'that would have spoiled the joke.' The astute Philadelphians did not know the little Prince."

THE LADIES TOUCH HIM.

In Philadelphia, says the *Herald* correspondent, "a few hundred people stand around the hotel all day. About fifty, mostly ladies, who have fought or bribed their way up stairs, hang around the door of his apartments, and touch him curiously as he slips past. There is no general enthusiasm, the whole affair being like a Quaker meeting, and, like Philadelphia generally, very orderly but very dull.

HE SEES A CURTIN PROCESSION.

"Soon after he reached the hotel at Philadelphia a procession of jubilant torch-bearing Curtin men surged by in crowds almost endless, for victory always brings recruits, and every loafer along the street joined the procession. As they passed the Prince was seen at the window, the Duke of Newcastle, in shirt-sleeves, peeping through the blinds, and the procession cheered, first for Honest Old Abe, and then for the Prince of Wales.

HE READS ABOUT HIS BROTHER.

"The public already know that the Prince reads the papers daily. Seeing an account of the progress of his brother Alfred in the *Herald*, he read it attentively, and seemed deeply interested, and at its conclusion said, 'Alfred has a gold trowel, and I haven't; but he has no balls given him. His receptions are just like mine, but he signs his replies to addresses, and I dont.'

AN ENGLISHMAN INSULTS THE PRINCE.

After the Prince of Wales and his suite had left the Fifth Avenue Hotel on Friday morning, his barouche passed but two or three blocks down the Fifth Avenue when a stout-built fellow, wearing a blue shirt or blouse, rushed out of the crowd on the sidewalk, gesticulating violently, shaking his fists and exclaiming: "Who are you? I can whip you, any way. You will never be King of England if you live a hundred years." Some of the spectators also declare that he threatened to shoot the Prince, but others deny it. He advanced to within a few feet of the carriage, but his further progress was stopped by a crowd who gathered around him, and at that moment policeman Rhodes, of the Twenty-second ward, ran up and arrested the fellow. The Prince and his suite paid no attention to the disturbance, and very possibly did not hear his threatening and insulting language. Officer Rhodes took his prisoner forthwith to the station-house in Twenty-second Street, followed all the way by a large and highly indignant crowd. At the station-house the man gave his name as Edward Moncane, and said he was born in England, and is thirty years of age. He appeared to be quite intelligent and well informed, but was apparently in a disordered state of mind. He said he was employed on a steamboat lying over at Red Hook, and came over this morning to see what sort of a boy the Democrats of America were making fools of themselves over. He was dismissed by Justice Connolly with a reprimand.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE WRITES A PLEASANT LETTER.

"The following concluding passage of the Duke of Newcastle's letter to Mayor Lincoln, of Boston, accepting the invitation to the ball there, must be very gratifying to us all. It breathes hearty good feeling, and corroborates all that I have before said on the subject:

"'I can not say with what kindness the Prince has been received in those cities which he has yet visited in the United States. If each individual had been instructed what to do, the whole people could not have shown greater delicacy of feeling and consideration for the position he occupies in England, though without the slightest surrender of their own claims of independence of action. They have all looked upon him as a guest, and resolved to treat him as such, but without overdoing the character of host. In return, of course, every effort has been made, and shall continue to be made elsewhere, to gratify the amiable curiosity of our good cousins to see the son of the Queen, whom they love and respect almost as much as we do.'"

MISS GROESBECK AND HER JEWELS.

The editor of the Cleveland *Herald*, writing home about the ball at the Opera House, Cincinnati, relates the following incident: "Miss Groesbeck, who was the belle of the evening, wore a white tulle dress, puffed to the waist, low neck. She wore no jewelry. A little incident connected with this fact may not be out of place. Previous to the arrival of the Prince your correspondent was sitting immediately behind Miss Groesbeck and her mother. The latter lady wore elegant diamond ear-drops, rings, and pins, while Miss Groesbeck, as already mentioned, had not a particle of jewelry on her person, being noticeable from the almost entire absence of extraneous ornament of any kind. When one of the officers of the evening announced that she was to be honored with the Prince's hand for the second dance, of course there was a flutter among her party. Mrs. Groesbeck quietly took off her own jewelry and passed them to her favored daughter; but she declined them. Her mother insisted; but Miss Groesbeck, with equal determination and great good sense positively refused to wear any kind of ornament other than her simple dress and the wealth of beauty which Nature had bestowed on her."

HAS THE PRINCE LOST HIS HEART?

The "Miss B. of Natchez," whom the Prince of Wales danced with at Montreal, and whom he afterward inquired for and expressed a desire to meet again, is said to be Miss Shelby Blackburn, of that place. Her sister is the wife of Governor Morehead's son, of Kentucky. She is represented as very beautiful, and probably created a slight sensation underneath the Prince's ribs.

NEGRO DISTURBANCE IN VIRGINIA.

A telegram dated Baltimore, October 9, says: "The accounts received here to-day from Norfolk represent that all is quiet again in Norfolk and Princess Anne counties.

"The Norfolk *Herald* says that sufficient testimony has been elicited since Friday to fully justify the strict police surveillance that was instituted.

"A considerable number of arrests of negroes have been made.

"Nearly all the negroes on two or three plantations, on hearing of the affair, took to the woods, more from fright than any thing else. A patrol force has gone in search of them."

A STRANGE DUEL.

The New Orleans *Delta* of 6th says: "Yesterday morning, at an early hour, a duel took place between two gentlemen from Alabama, in the section of the Metairie Ridge. The parties fought with bayonets fixed on muskets. The gentlemen met each other in gallant style, and after a few passes and guards, one thrust his bayonet in the left shoulder of the other, and completely lifted him off the ground. They then left the field with their friends, the wounded gentleman being in a somewhat dangerous condition."

PERSONAL.

Mr. Ralph Farnham, the Revolutionary patriot from Maine, arrived in Boston on Monday, having received a public invitation, as has already been announced. He was accompanied by his son John, who was 63 years old last June, and by his daughter Joanna, who is 65, and has been for eighteen years a domestic at the American House in that city. Though he traveled from Acton, Maine, in one forenoon, changing cars three times, he seemed not fatigued. He is very deaf, and moves with difficulty, but he can converse intelligently, and seems quite proud of the attention shown him.

The New York correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* says that "our late Postmaster, Isaac V. Fowler, is still in Havana. He has just recovered from a severe attack of the yellow fever. On the 15th of October Mr. Fowler will leave Cuba for Mexico. Through the kindness of some of his *many friends*, he will go where a very lucrative situation will be given to him. He is to have the general superintendence of a gold mine, which is being successfully worked. It is owned by some of our millionaires, and it is confidently stated that, with even ordinary luck, money enough can be made by Fowler to enable him to return home very soon, and save his bondsmen in a very short time.

A son of Abraham Lincoln recently spent a few days at the White Mountains. While there a very enthusiastic demonstration was made, giving him a reception as the "Prince of Rails." A procession was formed to escort the "Prince," and speeches were made, to which he made a happy reply. The proceedings were very humorous, and the "Prince" enjoyed them much. They say that for story-telling and wit he is a chip of the original rail.

"Died by the visitation of God," was the verdict of a Catskill (New York) Coroner's Jury after an inquest on the body of a woman who, with the help of her husband, drank a gallon and a half of whisky in one day.

A letter-writer devotes the following paragraph to a sketch of an interview between Ex-President Fillmore and Mr. Douglas:

"One of the most gratifying incidents of Mr. Douglas's visit to Buffalo was his interview with Ex-President Fillmore. That gentleman has retired from public life, and takes no part in politics; but he was one of the first, after the excitement of the reception and the speaking was over, to pay Judge Douglas a visit at the Clarendon Hotel and welcome him to the city. The interview was on both sides marked by most cordial feelings, and Mr. Fillmore expressed himself deeply gratified at the magnificent reception that had been tendered to Mr. Douglas by the citizens of Buffalo, and at the triumphant success that had marked his progress through so many of the States of the Union."

On her recent visit to Edinburgh, the Queen visited the tomb of Bononomi, an Italian dressing-maid, formerly attached to her Majesty, and over whose remains the latter had caused a monument to be raised. This visit is only one of several which the Queen has made to the same spot.

A young woman, named Lizzy Donaldson, essayed to walk across one of the streets of Cincinnati on a wire, last week, and had nearly accomplished the feat, when the holder of one of the guy ropes, in his admiration for the spangled petticoat above him, looked upward, forgot his business, and threw the fair performer from her foothold, to the terror and dismay of the witnesses. Fortunately, she had already passed the middle of the street, where a fall might have been fatal, and dropped elegantly some ten feet upon the one-story store beneath.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "GREAT EASTERN."

WE read in the London *Times* of September 25: "It does not seem probable that the *Great Eastern* can sail on the 17th of October for New York, as at first intended, as it is said she is to take in 12,000 tons of coal, which can not be put on board at a much greater rate than 3000 tons per week. In addition to this, owing to her screw shaft being unsupported by the stern-post, it has worn away some inches of the bearings, which must, even in its present state, cause a great deal of vibration when the screw is in motion, and would, if let go further, materially shake the vessel. In all line-of-battle ships the screw shaft is invariably supported by the stern-post; and the above injury to the bearings of the *Great Eastern's* shaft would make it appear that in large vessels it is indispensable, although engineers differ very much as to its advisability. Three, also, out of four leading points of her screw have been injured, it is supposed, during the gale she encountered in Holyhead Harbor, when the ill-fated *Royal Charter* went down."

THE QUEEN AND THE COTTER'S DAUGHTER.

A correspondent of the Aberdeen *Free Press*, near Balmoral, states that several years ago her Majesty, on leaving her Highland residence for the season, promised to Jenny ——, daughter of a cotter in the vicinity, to bring a toy to her next year. During the interval some very important State affairs passed, and the Queen was over in France on a visit to the Emperor. The promise was all but forgotten on the one side—that of the Highland girl; not so on the other, for on arriving at Balmoral next season her Majesty presented the humble lassie with the promised toy, remarking, "See, I have not forgotten you!"

FRANCE.

DEATH OF THE EMPRESS'S SISTER.

We read in the *Court Journal* of September 22: "The death of the Duchess d'Albe has given a terrible shock to the family of the Empress; much united, and, in spite of the high position to which the fairest scion of the house of Montijo has arrived, until now but seldom separated. The nature of the illness with which the Duchess was afflicted rendered from the first all hope of recovery doubtful, and for the last month she was wavering between life and death. The crisis, which took place during the stay of the Empress at Eaux Bonnes, was decisive. From that crisis she never rallied, and remained prostrate and almost inanimate, scarcely to be called in life, thereafter. The Emperor, who had been apprised by telegraph while at Marseilles of the inevitable approach of the fatal catastrophe, had wisely urged the departure of the Empress from France, lest she should be called to attend her sister's dying moments. The sea, with all its inconvenience and trying, was far less to be dreaded than the moral effect of the sad event to which the Empress would have been compulsorily a witness had she returned to Biarritz according to her intention. This, the most terrible trial in human life, has been avoided, at all events; and time, the sole, sure soother of human grief, will have done much toward restoring the calm of her Majesty's mind before her return."

MATERNAL SENSIBILITY OF THE EMPRESS.

A foreign paper gives an instance of what it calls the "maternal sensibility of the French Empress." While at Ajaccio she remained for some time alone in her carriage under a triumphal arch, the Emperor being absent inspecting some new forts. Some hundreds of the peasants who had assembled formed a circle at a distance round the carriage, but her Majesty made a sign with her hand, and in a moment a compact mass was close around her. "Do you come from far?" asked her Majesty, in Italian, addressing one of them. "Oh, yes, Madame," replied the man, who appeared astonished to hear the sovereign speaking, and particularly in his own language, "it is four days' journey; but we have all come, leaving only the women and the old behind us." "Oh, Madame," said another peasant, "why did you not bring the boy?" "You love him, then, do you?" said the Empress; "you would like to see him? if so, there he is;" and taking off a brooch which contained a portrait of the Prince Imperial, she held it out to them. A thousand hands were held out to seize it, and it was kissed by every one with the greatest delight. This scene was too much for the feelings of the Empress, who forgot the sovereign in the mother, and when the Emperor returned she was lying back in the carriage weeping at the remembrance of her absent child.

A HINT TO LADY BALL GOERS.

The *Sémaphore* of Marseilles relates the following incident, which is said to have occurred at the ball given to their Majesties at the Château Borelli:

"At the moment when the doors were opened, two ladies, accompanied by two gentlemen, and duly provided with tickets, presented themselves for admission. The ladies were elegantly attired in white dresses and handsome ornaments, but unfortunately they had not conformed to established etiquette, as far as regarded their head-dress, for they wore bonnets. These appendages were, it is true, of the most light and elegant kind, and ornamented with marabout feathers; but they were considered, notwithstanding, inadmissible. The stewards at the door expressed their regret in the politest terms, but as their instructions were positive on the subject, they could not allow themselves to be softened by the entreaties of the ladies, who retired in great dismay. An old proverb says, that when a woman determines on doing a thing, nothing can prevent her, and so it was in this case. The ladies, inspired with a sudden idea, went among some trees which were growing near, and, taking off the objectionable articles of dress, despoiled them of their feathers, which they speedily transferred to their own hair. The question next arose what should they do with the bonnets, which were too pretty to throw away. Feminine invention here again came to their aid, for, lifting their ample crinolines, they safely attached the discarded head-dresses within their ample folds, where they were completely unobserved. Thus newly equipped, they presented themselves, and were duly admitted."

TAMBERLIK TO COME HERE.

The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* relates an anecdote of Tamberlik, as follows: "The fete at Blois is the only thing I have heard of which has broken the monotony of the season and political hemisphere. Mesdames Ugalde, Wertheinber, Messrs. Faure, Levasseur, and Tamberlik (by-the-way, it is said here Tamberlik has been offered $80,000 for eight months. If you wish to have him, pay him any price to get him in his prime, and do not do, as you did with Mario and Grisi, wait until they were voiceless before you summoned them with your golden wand. It is as cheap, even pecuniarily, to get them in their prime; for singers, like the Roman Sybil, increase their demands as they have less to offer); Messrs. Sainte-Foye and Ponchard were the seven singers heard. Let me tell you the origin of Mr. Tamberlik's famous '*ut* sharp,' which is worth so much money to him. He is by birth a Roman, but his family is of Polish origin. He stuttered badly when he was a child, and his family destined him to slumber in the stalls of the Church. He ran away from the theological seminary and entered the army. Discovering one day that he had a splendid tenor's voice, he quitted the army, and took Guglielmi (a son of the celebrated Guglielmi) for his singing-master, under whom he made such progress he was soon engaged at the San Carlo; he and Franchini (who was several years older than himself) sharing between them the tenor's parts—Franchini singing the *forte* and Tamberlik the *tenorino*. Being wretchedly paid at this opera-house, he quitted Italy for Spain, where he obtained an excellent engagement at Barcelona. One day, while rehearsing a new part in which he was to appear that evening, he lost his voice. Nevertheless, there was no such thing as closing the opera-house or changing the piece; for the Court had commanded the opera and the performance. 'Then, if you can't sing, bawl!' exclaimed the leader of the orchestra, upon Tamberlik's saying, 'By Jove! I can not sing!' 'Bawl,' continued the leader of the orchestra; 'I'll give you the pitch!' and he knocked the piano as hard as he could. All at once Tamberlik, the *tenorino*, who never sang any thing but the softest, sweetest melodies, thundered '*do* sharp' in clear, bell-tongued tones. His fortune was made; a new 'star' rose above the lyric horizon."

ITALY.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

Ancona has fallen, and Lamoricière and his troops have surrendered as prisoners of war. On the other hand, further south, Garibaldi's army has met with a reverse near Capua; one account says they lost 400 men killed, and 300 prisoners. Their positions were maintained, however. The King of Naples is said to have 50,000 soldiers, and to be determined to show fight. At Rome, the French outposts have been moved two miles out of town. The King of Italy has gone to Florence.

THE QUARREL BETWEEN THE LEADERS.

Report states that the quarrel between Garibaldi and Cavour grows more bitter. At latest dates the Garibaldian Ministry at Naples had resigned, on account of the preponderance of Bertani. Signor Conforti was about to form a new ministry, professing extreme opinions.

THE QUARREL TAKES A PRACTICAL SHAPE.

At latest dates it was reported that Garibaldi had declared he would publish, not only the letter he wrote to the King, the existence of which the Turin *Gazette* lately denied in a prevaricating way, but also correspondence and documents relating to the share the Sardinian Government had in the invasion of Sicily, the money it has supplied, and other matters which it is supposed M. Cavour would much rather not see brought to light.

A report was current that Garibaldi had taken away the command of the fleet from Admiral Persano.

REPUBLICANISM AT NAPLES.

The Naples correspondent of the London *Times*, writing on the 17th ult., gives the following sketch of events in Naples:

"It is evident to me that the republican party are gaining strength in Naples, and are insinuating themselves into every department. During the last two or three days they have been endeavoring to upset the ministry; and such is their influence over Garibaldi, that I have very little doubt of their success. The following combination has been proposed to the Dictator: Fillippo de Boni, Minister of Worship and Public Instruction; Anguissola, Marine; Libertini, Minister of the Interior; Conforti, Grace and Justice; Rainieri, Public Safety.

"Should Cosenz resign, as is not improbable, Gaito will be made Minister of War. The programme which has been submitted is, 'Italian unity, accepting Victor Emanuel as King of Italy; the expulsion of the King from the kingdom; the formation of an army of 200,000 men; no more annexations until Victor Emanuel shall be proclaimed King from the Campidoglio.'"

THE BATTLE OF CASTELFIDARDO.

The following is the official account of the battle of Castelfidardo:

"OSIMO, *September* 18, 1860.

"*To General Cacchiari, Bologna:*

"This morning, at ten o'clock, General Lamoricière attacked my extreme positions on the counterfort, which extends from Castelfidardo, by Crocetta, to the sea. All the prisoners affirm that he had with him 11,000 men and fourteen pieces of artillery, having reinforced the troops at Foligno with all that he had at Torni, Oscali, and elsewhere. He supported his attack by a sortie of 4000 men from the garrison of Ancona. These troops attacked us in a really furious manner. The combat was short, but violent and bloody. We had to storm several positions successively, and, after a simulated surrender, the defenders of these positions assassinated our soldiers with poniards. Several of the wounded stabbed our men as they were coming up to succor them. The results of the day are as follow: We have prevented the junction of Lamoricière's corps with the garrison. We have taken 600 prisoners, among whom are thirty officers, some of them of high rank. We have also taken six pieces of artillery, and among them those given by Charles Albert to Pope Pius IX., in 1848; a great many ammunition and baggage wagons, one flag, an infinity of arms, and many knapsacks left behind by the routed men. All the enemies wounded, including General de Pimodan, who led the attacking column, are in my power, as also a considerable number of dead. The column which sallied forth from Ancona was compelled to retreat, but I have good hopes that I shall capture a great part of it this night. Prisoners and deserters are coming in every moment in great numbers. The fleet has arrived, and is opening fire upon Ancona. CIALDINI,

"The General commanding the Fourth Corps d'Armee."

THE POPE'S ULTIMATUM.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News* corroborates the statement in the London *Herald's* Paris letter, and states that the Marquis de Cadore, the First Secretary of the French Legation at Rome, arrived in Paris on Monday with important dispatches, the substance of which is understood to be that, unless within a very short time the Emperor takes measures to drive the Piedmontese out of the Marches and Umbria, and to restore the Pope to the possession of his dominions in their integrity, the Pope will leave Rome and place his person under the protection of some other Power.

The London *Herald's* Paris correspondent mentions, as a rumor, that an envoy from Rome has arrived in Paris with the Pope's ultimatum, to the effect that if France does not interfere to prevent the further progress of the Piedmontese troops, he will leave Rome forthwith.

A KING CARRYING OFF SALT-SPOONS.

Garibaldi is not one whit the richer for his possession of Naples. Not only did the King leave no treasure behind him, but he carried off every bit of plate, down even to the salt-spoons. The £80,000 that was found in the bank belonged to private individuals, whose rights were, of course, religiously respected.

GARIBALDI ON THE STATE OF ROME.

The following, translated from the Italian manuscript of Garibaldi himself, will be read with interest at this time. He says, referring to his first visit to Rome: "My second voyage was made to Rome, in a vessel of my father's. Rome, once the capital of the world, now the capital of a sect! The Rome which I had painted in my imagination no longer existed. The future Rome, rising to regenerate the nation, has now long been a dominant idea in my mind, and inspired me with hope and energy. Thoughts springing from the past, in short, have had a prevailing influence on me during my life. Rome, which I had before admired and thought of frequently, I ever since have loved. It has been dear to me above all things. I not only admired her for her former power and the remains of antiquity, but even the smallest thing connected with her was precious to me. Even in exile these feelings were constantly cherished in my heart; and often, very often, have I prayed to the Almighty to permit me to see that city once more. I regarded Rome as the centre of Italy, *for the union of which I ardently longed.*"

TURKEY.

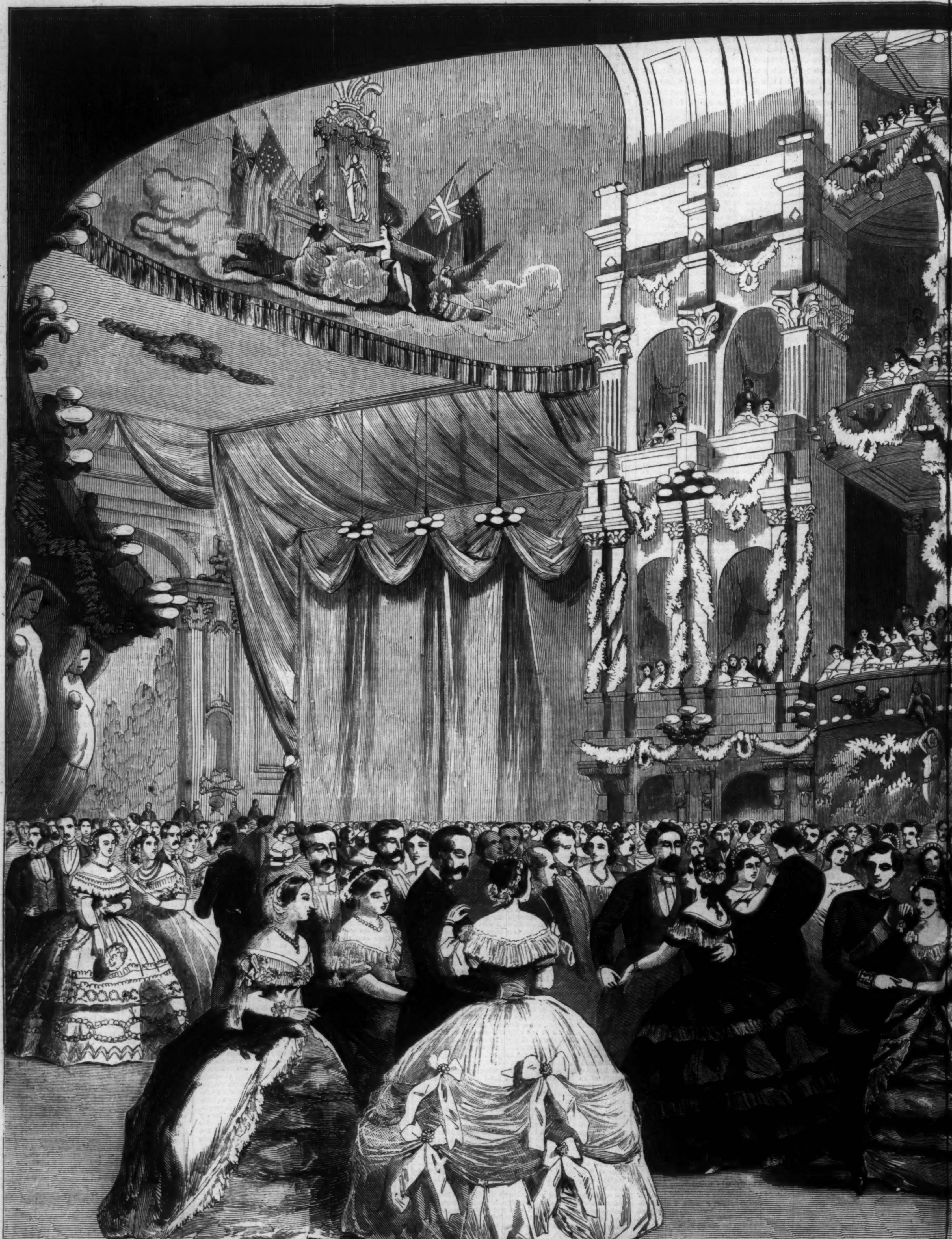
DECAY OF THE EMPIRE.

A telegram, dated Constantinople, September 19, says: "The Sultan has ordered the Grand Vizier to continue his journey in the provinces, in order to calm the agitation which prevails in Bosnia and the Herzegovinia. The *Journal de Constantinople* denies that there is any agitation in Servia, and states Syria is now tranquil; but as the Greek Consul at Beyrout has asserted that massacres were threatened at St. Jean d'Acre, two war vessels had been sent thither, the commanders of which had declared that they would open fire on the town upon the slightest attempt being made to create disturbance. Great misery and mortality prevailed at Constantinople."

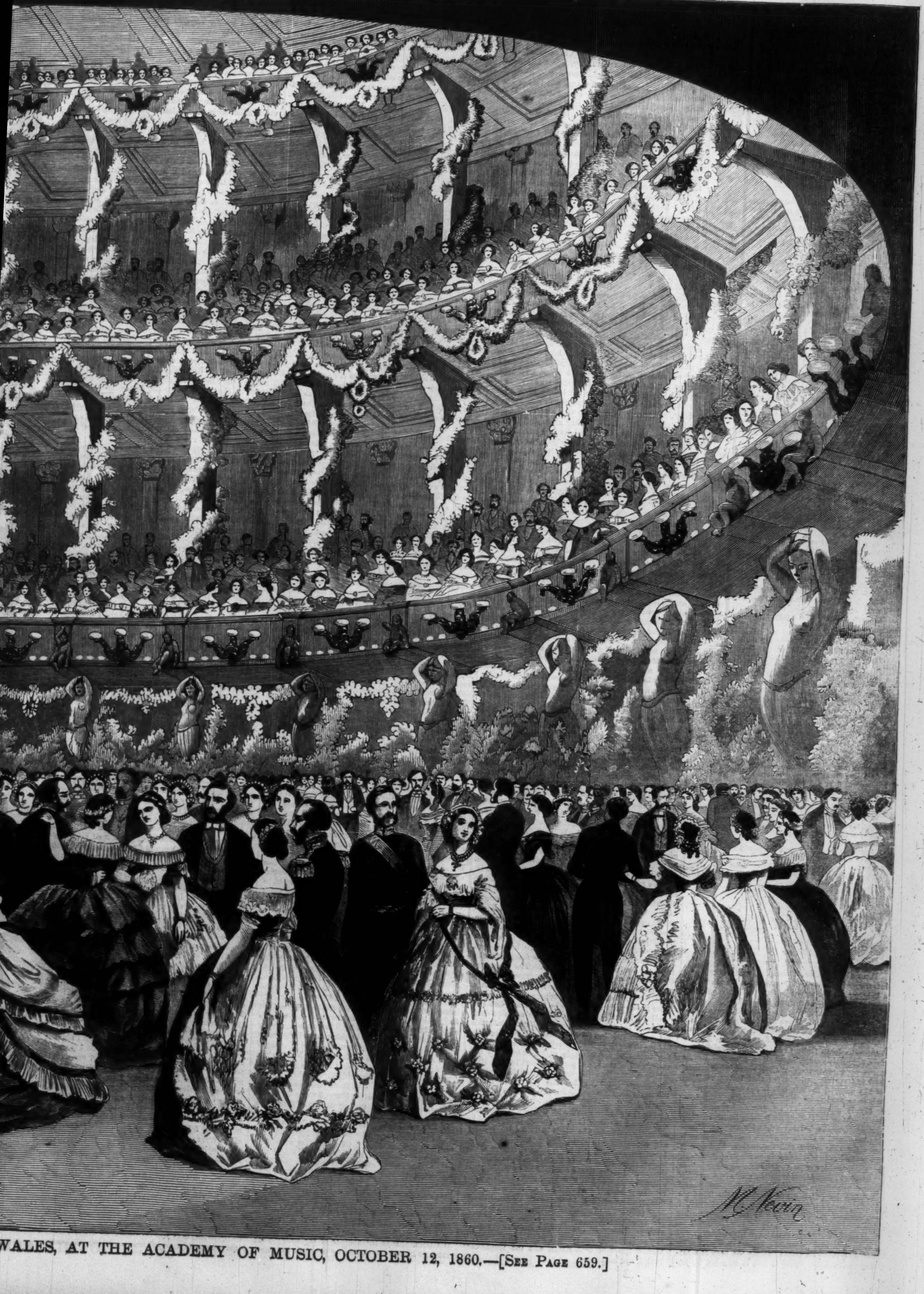
NEW GRANADA.

DISTURBANCE AT PANAMA.

On the morning of the 27th ult. a negro mob invested Panama, and plunged the city into the greatest alarm and excitement. The authorities applied to the commanders of the American and British ships of war to protect the city, and forces were landed from the ships. At the latest advices the negroes had retired to the bushes. The British force had been partly withdrawn. The United States marines, from the *St. Mary's*, still held possession of the Panama Railroad Company's depot. The trains cross and recross the railroad entirely undisturbed.



GRAND BALL GIVEN BY THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK TO THE PRINCE OF W



WALES, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, OCTOBER 12, 1860.—[See Page 659.]

SUB ROSA.

Agatha walked alone in her garden
Just at the close of a summer day,
Walked, or lingered, or sat for a moment,
All in a happy, dreamy way.

Bending, blushing over the flowers,
Breathing their breath, and whispering low:
"Sweet, ere you bloom in another summer,
I shall be wedded to one you know."

List'ning the wild-birds' joyous vespers,
Then with a glad smile answering:
"Yes, just so like the mated robins
All day long my light heart sings."

Into her golden visions suddenly
Broke a voice that her heart knew well.
"Ah, he is seeking me!" she murmured,
Striving to calm her bosom's swell:

Striving to still her happy trembling,
Ere he shall touch her hand, and know
How at his coming her fond heart quickens,
And the full pulses ebb and flow.

There he comes now through the acacias,
Not alone—fair Cousin May
Hangs on his arm with her face averted,
Smiling, and looking another way.

Backward Agatha drew in the shadow,
Watching her lover with proud bright eyes;
Where was a form as stately as Clarion's?
Where was a soul as noble and wise?

But can he be ill?—his cheek is pallid!
Can he be angry?—it flushes to red!
Why does he clasp May's lily fingers?
Why is she turning away her head?

What is he saying in tones so tremulous?
What does he mean by "known too late?"
What are the "chains" that bind my Clarion?
Chains that her "fair face has taught him to hate!"

Near was an arbor of crimson roses—
Down through their clusters a year ago
Agatha thought that the heavens had opened,
Dropping a crown on her brow of snow;

Thought she could hear how the stars were rolling
In rhythms of harmony, sphere on sphere;
Thought the key note of the universe sounded
In that "I love you!" breathed in her ear.

Now another stands with Clarion
Under the portal's fragrant arch,
Leaning against him, laughing, and saying,
"You're as uncertain as weather in March!

"Now, a north wind sheathed in snow-flakes,
Then, some tropical folly like this!"
"Under the rose!" he said, and bending,
Sealed her lips with a welcome kiss.

"I think I am ill," said Agatha, faintly,
When in her chamber they found her lain—
"Something struck me! My head is dizzy,
My heart is sick with a throbbing pain!"

Did those two guess what blow had stricken
Her bright young head, that there she lay,
Moaning and fainting, 'twixt life and death
For many a weary night and day?

When on their meeting she calmly gave him
His ring of troth, did Clarion know
(Seeing his wild-rose blanched to a lily)
Whose false hand had given the blow?

Agatha twined May's dusky tresses
Full of pearls as white as milk,
Bound the bride's vail over her forehead,
Draped her with rustling snowy silk.

"Nay, no flowers for you, my cousin,
Gems are fitter; this rose for me.
Flowers will fade, and I am fading,
But pearls live on with the rocking sea."

Did the bride know why she was fading?
Why the flowers of another spring
Missed her blushes, and wild birds waited
In vain for her joyous answering?

If they knew 'twas their own hearts told them,
Never Agatha's lips nor eyes;
Scarce less mute were they in the sunshine
Than under the roses where now she lies!

THE

Uncommercial Traveler.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Being in a humor for complete solitude and uninterrupted meditation this autumn, I have taken a lodging for six weeks in the most unfrequented part of England—in a word, in London.

The retreat into which I have withdrawn myself is Bond Street. From this lonely spot I make pilgrimages into the surrounding wilderness, and traverse extensive tracts of the Great Desert. The first solemn feeling of isolation overcome, the first oppressive consciousness of profound retirement conquered, I enjoy that sense of freedom, and feel reviving within me that latent wildness of the original savage, which has been (upon the whole somewhat frequently) noticed by Travelers.

My lodgings are at a hatter's—my own hatter's. After exhibiting no articles in his window for some weeks but sea-side wide-awakes, shooting-caps, and a choice of rough water-proof headgear for the moors and mountains, he has put upon the heads of his family as much of this stock as they could carry, and has taken them off to the Isle of Thanet. His young man alone remains—and remains alone—in the shop. The young man has let out the fire at which the irons are heated, and, saving his strong sense of duty, I see no reason why he should take the shutters down.

Happily for himself and for his country, the young man is a Volunteer; most happily for himself, or I think he would become the prey of a settled melancholy. For, to live surrounded by human hats, and alienated from human heads to fit them on, is surely a great endurance. But the young man, sustained by practicing his exercise, and by constantly furbishing up his regulation plume (it is unnecessary to observe that, as a hatter, he is in a cock's-feather corps), is resigned, and uncomplaining. On a Saturday, when he closes early and gets his knickerbockers on, he is even cheerful. I am gratefully particular in this reference to him, because he is my companion through many peaceful hours. My hatter has a desk up certain steps behind his counter, inclosed like the clerk's desk at Church. I shut myself into this place of seclusion after breakfast, and meditate. At such times I observe the young man loading an imaginary rifle with the greatest precision, and maintaining a most galling and destructive fire upon the national enemy. I thank him publicly for his companionship and his patriotism.

The simple character of my life, and the calm nature of the scenes by which I am surrounded, occasion me to rise early. I go forth in my slippers and promenade the pavement. It is pastoral to feel the freshness of the air in the uninhabited town, and to appreciate the shepherdess character of the few milk-women who purvey so little milk that it would be worth nobody's while to adulterate it if any body were left to undertake the task. On the crowded sea-shore, the great demand for milk, combined with the strong local temptation of chalk, would betray itself in the lowered quality of the article. In Arcadian London I derive it from the cow.

The Arcadian simplicity of the metropolis altogether, and the primitive ways into which it has fallen in this autumnal Golden Age, make it entirely new to me. Within a few hundred yards of my retreat is the house of a friend who maintains a most sumptuous butler. I never, until yesterday, saw that butler out of superfine black broadcloth. Until yesterday I never saw him off duty, never saw him (he is the best of butlers) with the appearance of having any mind for any thing but the glory of his master and his master's friends. Yesterday morning, walking in my slippers near the house of which he is the prop and ornament—a house now a waste of shutters—I encountered that butler, also in his slippers, and in a shooting-suit of one color, and in a low-crowned straw-hat, smoking an early cigar. He felt that we had formerly met in another state of existence, and that we were translated into a new sphere. Wisely and well he passed me without recognition. Under his arm he carried the morning paper, and shortly afterward I saw him sitting on a rail in the pleasant open landscape of Regent Street, perusing it at his ease under the ripening sun.

My landlord having taken his whole establishment to be salted down, I am waited on by an elderly woman laboring under a chronic sniff, who, at the shadowy hour of half past nine o'clock of every evening, gives admittance at the street door to a meagre and mouldy old man whom I have never yet seen detached from a flat pint of beer in a pewter pot. The meagre and mouldy old man is her husband, and the pair have a dejected consciousness that they are not justified in appearing on the surface of the earth. They come out of some hole when London empties itself, and go in again when it fills. I saw them arrive on the evening when I myself took possession, and they arrived with the flat pint of beer, and their bed in a bundle. The old man is a weak old man, and appeared to me to get the bed down the kitchen stairs by tumbling down with and upon it. They make their bed in the lowest and remotest corner of the basement, and they smell of bed, and have no possession but bed, unless it be (which I rather infer from an under-current of flavor in them) cheese. I know their name, through the chance of having called the wife's attention, at half past nine on the second evening of our acquaintance, to the circumstance of there being some one at the house door; when she apologetically explained, "It's on'y Mister Klem." What becomes of Mr. Klem all day, or when he goes out, or why, is a mystery I can not penetrate; but at half past nine he never fails to turn up on the door-step with the flat pint of beer. And the pint of beer, flat as it is, is so much more important than himself, that it always seems to my fancy as if it had found him driveling in the street and had humanely brought him home. In making his way below, Mr. Klem never goes down the middle of the passage, like another Christian, but shuffles against the wall as if entreating me to take notice that he is occupying as little space as possible in the house; and whenever I come upon him face to face, he backs from me in fascinated confusion. The most extraordinary circumstance I have traced in connection with this aged couple is, that there is a Miss Klem, their daughter, apparently ten years older than either of them, who has also a bed and smells of it, and carries it about the earth at dusk and hides it in deserted houses. I came into this piece of knowledge through Mrs. Klem's beseeching me to sanction the sheltering of Miss Klem under that roof for a single night, "between her takin' care of the upper part of a 'ouse in Pall Mall which the family of his back, and another 'ouse in Serjameses Street, which the family of leaves towng ter-morrer." I gave my gracious consent (having nothing that I know of to do with it), and in the shadowy hours Miss Klem became perceptible on the door-step, wrestling with a bed in a bundle. Where she made it up for the night I can not positively state, but, I think, in a sink. I know that, with the instinct of a reptile or an insect, she stowed it and herself away in deep obscurity. In the Klem family I have noticed another remarkable gift of nature, and that is a power they possess of converting every thing into flue. Such broken victuals as they take by stealth, appear (whatever the nature of the viands) invariably to generate flue; and even the nightly pint of beer, instead of assimilating naturally, strikes me as breaking out in that form, equally on the shabby gown of Mrs. Klem, and the threadbare coat of her husband.

Mrs. Klem has no idea of my name—as to Mr. Klem, he has no idea of any thing—and only knows me as her good gentleman. Thus, if doubtful whether I am in my room or no, Mrs. Klem taps at the door and says, "Is my good gentleman here?" Or, if a messenger desiring to see me were consistent with my solitude, she would show him in with, "Here is my good gentleman." I find this to be a generic custom. For, I meant to have observed before now, that in its Arcadian time all my part of London is indistinctly pervaded by the Klem species. They creep about with beds, and go to bed in miles of deserted houses. They hold no companionship, except that sometimes, after dark, two of them will emerge from opposite houses, and meet in the middle of the road as on neutral ground, or will peep from adjoining houses over an interposing barrier of area railings, and compare a few reserved mistrustful notes respecting their good ladies or good gentlemen. This I have discovered in the course of various solitary rambles I have taken northward from my retirement, along the awful perspectives of Wimpole Street, Harley Street, and similar frowning regions. Their effect would be scarcely distinguishable from that of the primeval forests but for the Klem stragglers; these may be dimly observed, when the heavy shadows fall, flitting to and fro, putting up the door-chain, taking in the pint of beer, lowering like phantoms at the dark parlor windows, or secretly consorting underground with the dust-bin and the water cistern.

In the Burlington Arcade I observe, with peculiar pleasure, a primitive state of manners to have superseded the baneful influences of ultra civilization. Nothing can surpass the innocence of the ladies' shoe-shops, the artificial flower repositories, and the head-dress dépôts. They are in strange hands at this time of year—hands of unaccustomed persons, who are imperfectly acquainted with the prices of the goods, and contemplate them with unsophisticated delight and wonder. The children of these virtuous people exchange familiarities in the Arcade, and temper the asperity of the two tall beadles. Their youthful prattle blends in an unwonted manner with the harmonious shade of the scene, and the general effect is, as of the voices of birds in a grove. In this happy restoration of the golden time it has been my privilege even to see the bigger beadle's wife. She brought him his dinner in a basin, and he ate it in his armchair, and afterward fell asleep like a satiated child. At Mr. Truefitt's, the excellent hair-dresser's, they are learning French to beguile the time; and even the few solitaries left on guard at Mr. Atkinson's, the perfumer's round the corner (generally the most inexorable gentlemen in London, and the most scornful of three-and-sixpence), condescend a little as they drowsily bide or recall their turn for chasing the ebbing Neptune on the ribbed sea-sand. From Messrs. Hunt and Roskell's, the jewelers, all things are absent but the precious stones, and the gold and silver, and the soldierly pensioner at the door with his decorated breast. I might stand night and day for a month to come, in Saville Row, with my tongue out, yet not find a doctor to look at it for love or money. The dentists' instruments are rusting in their drawers, and their horrible cool parlors, where people pretend to read the Every-Day Book and not to be afraid, are doing penance for their grimness in white sheets. The light-weight of shrewd appearance, with one eye always shut up, as if he were eating a sharp gooseberry in all seasons, who usually stands at the gate-way of the livery stables on very little legs under a very large waistcoat, has gone to Doncaster. Of such undesigning aspect is his guileless Yard now, with its gravel and scarlet beans, and the yellow Break housed under a glass roof in a corner, that I almost believe I could not be taken in there if I tried. In the places of business of the great tailors, the cheval-glasses are dim and dusty for lack of being looked into. Ranges of brown paper coat and waistcoat bodies look as funereal as if they were the hatchments of the customers with whose names they are inscribed; the measuring tapes hang idle on the wall; the order-taker, left on the hopeless chance of some one looking in, yawns in the last extremity over the books of patterns, as if he were trying to read that entertaining library. The hotels in Brook Street have no one in them, and the staffs of servants stare disconsolately for next season out of all the windows. The very man who goes about like an erect Turtle, between two boards recommendatory of the Sixteen Shilling Trowsers, is aware of himself as a hollow mockery, and eats filberts while he leans his hinder shell against a wall.

Among these tranquilizing objects it is my delight to walk and meditate. Soothed by the repose around me, I wander insensibly to considerable distances, and guide myself back by the stars. Thus I enjoy the contrast of a few still partially inhabited and busy spots where all the lights are not fled, where all the garlands are not dead, whence all but I have not departed. Then does it appear to me that in this age three things are clamorously required of Man in the miscellaneous thoroughfares of the metropolis. Firstly, that he have his boots cleaned. Secondly, that he eat a penny ice. Thirdly, that he get himself photographed. Then do I speculate, What have those seam-worn artists been who stand at the photograph doors in Greek caps, sample in hand, and mysteriously salute the public—the female public with a pressing tenderness—to come in and be "took?" What did they do with their greasy blandishments before the era of cheap photography? Of what class were their previous victims, and how victimized? And how did they get, and how did they pay for, that large collection of likenesses, all purporting to have been taken inside, with the taking of none of which had that establishment any more to do than with the taking of Delhi?

But these are small oases; and I am soon back again in metropolitan Arcadia. It is my impression that much of its serene and peaceful character is attributable to the absence of customary Talk. How do I know but there may be subtle influences in Talk, to vex the souls of men who don't hear it? How do I know but that Talk, five, ten, twenty miles off, may get into the air and disagree with me? If I get up vaguely troubled and wearied and sick of my life, in the session of Parliament, who shall say that my noble friend, my right reverend friend, my right honorable friend, my honorable friend, my honorable and learned friend, or my honorable and gallant friend, may not be responsible for that effect upon my nervous system? Too much Ozone in the air, I am informed and fully believe (though I have no idea what it is), would affect me in a marvelously disagreeable way; why may not too much Talk? I don't see or hear the Ozone; I don't see or hear the Talk. And there is so much Talk; so much too much; such loud cry, and such scant supply of wool; such a deal of fleecing, and so little fleece! Hence, in the Arcadian season, I find it a delicious triumph to walk down to deserted Westminster, and see the Courts shut up; to walk a little further and see the Two Houses shut up; to stand in the Abbey Yard, like the New Zealander of the grand English History (concerning which unfortunate man a rookery of mares' nests is generally being discovered), and gloat upon the ruins of Talk. Returning to my primitive solitude and lying down to sleep, my grateful heart expands with the consciousness that there is no adjourned Debate, no ministerial explanation, nobody to give notice of intention to ask the noble Lord at the head of her Majesty's Government five-and-twenty bootless questions in one, no term time with legal argument, no Nisi Prius with eloquent appeal to British Jury; that the air will to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, remain untroubled by this superabundant generating of Talk. In a minor degree it is a delicious triumph to me to go into the club, and see the carpets up, and the Bores and the other dust dispersed to the four winds. Again, New Zealander-like, I stand on the cold hearth, and say in the solitude, "Here I watched Bore A 1, with voice always mysteriously low and head always mysteriously drooped, whispering political secrets into the ears of Adam's confiding children. Accursed be his memory for ever and a day!"

But I have all this time been coming to the point, that the happy nature of my retirement is most sweetly expressed in its being the abode of Love. It is, as it were, an inexpensive Agapemone: nobody's speculation; every body's profit. The one great result of the resumption of primitive habits, and (convertible terms) the not having much to do, is the abounding of Love.

The Klem species are incapable of the softer emotions; probably, in that low nomadic race, the softer emotions have all degenerated into flue. But with this exception, all the sharers of my retreat make love.

I have mentioned Saville Row. We all know the Doctor's servant. We all know what a respectable man he is, what a hard, dry man, what a firm man, what a confidential man: how he lets us into the waiting-room, like a man who knows minutely what is the matter with us, but from whom the rack should not wring the secret. In the prosaic "season" he has distinctly the appearance of a man conscious of money in the savings bank, and taking his stand on his respectability with both feet. At that time it is as impossible to associate him with relaxation, or any human weakness, as it is to meet his eye without feeling guilty of indisposition. In the blessed Arcadian time, how changed! I have seen him, in a pepper-and-salt jacket—jacket—and drab trowsers, with his arm round the waist of a bootmaker's housemaid, smiling in open day. I have seen him at the pump by the Albany, unsolicitedly pumping for two fair young creatures, whose figures, as they bent over their cans, were—if I may be allowed an original expression—a model for the sculptor. I have seen him trying the piano in the Doctor's drawing-room with his forefinger, and have heard him humming tunes in praise of lovely woman. I have seen him seated on a fire-engine, and going (obviously in search of excitement) to a fire. I saw him, one moonlight evening when the peace and purity of our Arcadian west were at their height, polk with the lovely daughter of a cleaner of gloves, from the door-steps of his own residence, across Saville Row, round by Clifford Street and Old Burlington Street, back to Burlington Gardens. Is this the Golden Age revived, or Iron London?

The Dentist's servant. Is that man no mystery to us, no type of invisible power? The tremendous individual knows (who else does?) what is done with the extracted teeth; he knows what goes on in the little room where something is always being washed or filed; he knows what warm spicy infusion is put into the comfortable tumbler from which we rinse our wounded mouth, with a gap in it that feels a foot wide; he knows whether the thing we spit into is a fixture communicating with the Thames, or could be cleared away for a dance; he sees the horrible parlor when there are no patients in it, and he could reveal, if he would, what becomes of the Every-Day Book then. The conviction of my coward conscience when I see that man in a professional light, is, that he knows all the statistics of my teeth and gums, my double teeth, my single teeth, my stopped teeth, and my sound. In this Arcadian rest I am fearless of him as of a harmless, powerless creature in a Scotch cap, who adores a young lady in a voluminous crinoline, at a neighboring billiard-room, and whose passion would be uninfluenced if every one of her teeth were false. They may be. Life takes them all on trust.

In secluded corners of the place of my seclusion there are little shops withdrawn from public curiosity, and never two together, where servants' perquisites are bought. The cook may dispose of grease at these modest and convenient marts; the butler, of bottles; the valet and lady's maid, of clothes; most servants, indeed, of most things they may happen to lay hold of. I have been told that in sterner times loving correspondence, otherwise interdicted, may be maintained by letter through the agency of some of these useful establishments.

In the Arcadian autumn no such device is necessary. Every body loves, and openly and blamelessly loves. My landlord's young man loves the whole of one side of the way of old Bond Street, and is beloved several doors up new Bond Street besides. I never look out of window but I see kissing of hands going on all around me. It is the morning custom to glide from shop to shop and exchange tender sentiments; it is the evening custom for couples to stand hand in hand at house-doors, or roam, linked in that flowery manner, through the unpeopled streets. There is nothing else to do but love; and what there is to do is done.

In unison with this pursuit a chaste simplicity obtains in the domestic habits of Arcadia. Its few scattered people dine early, live moderately, sup socially, and sleep soundly. It is rumored that the Beadles of the Arcade, from being the mortal enemies of boys, have signed with tears an address to Lord Shaftesbury, and subscribed to a ragged school. No wonder! For they might turn their heavy maces into crooks and tend sheep in the Arcade, to the purling of the water-carts as they give the thirsty streets much more to drink than they can carry.

A happy Golden Age, and a serene tranquillity. Charming picture, but it will fade. The iron age will return, London will come back to town, if I show my tongue then in Saville Row for half a minute I shall be prescribed for, the Doctor's man and the Dentist's man will then pretend that these days of unprofessional innocence never existed. Where Mr. and Mrs. Klem and their bed will be, at that time, passes human knowledge; but my hatter hermitage will then know them no more, nor will it then know me. The desk at which I have written these meditations will retributively assist at the making out of my account, and the wheels of gorgeous carriages and the hoofs of high-stepping horses will crush the silence out of Bond Street—will grind Arcadia away, and give it to the elements in granite powder.

THE STEAMER'S MIDNIGHT GUN.

THE autumn night is calm and still,
And a mother sits at the window-sill,
While shrills like silver the tree-frog's note,
And the lazy leaves of Ailanthus float
Like shadowy fingers that through the dark
Clutch at the fire-fly's lambent spark.

But she does not see the fiery fly,
And she does not hear the Ailanthus sigh;
For her heart is out on the lone wild sea,
Where the long waves roll and the wind is free,
And the viewless arms of her soul surround
The boy of her love that is homeward bound.

This very night is the steamer due,
And ever since twilight to darkness grew
She has watched and sat at that window-sill,
Till the hours have rounded to midnight still;
And peered through the garden silent and dim,
With arms that hungered to twine round him.

Then visions of wreck before her rise:
The billows crawl to the murky skies,
And she hears in fancy the cracking plank,
And sees the corpses livid and dank,
And is sick at heart—when through the room
The signal-guns of the steamer boom!

Her fond heart leaps as she hears the gun.
'Tis an aerial voice that speaks of her son;
And as it roars through the midnight still,
With her head bowed down on the window-sill,
Her heart goes up in a grateful prayer
To Him who is watching every where.

A LOSS 'LONGSHORE.

ONE of the pleasantest occupations of my summer life on the Highlands is lying in supine idleness upon the soft turf under the cedars, gazing through their dark green branches at the white clouds drifting slowly athwart the sky; or looking off on the water, watching the fleet of sail ever clustering around the Narrows, like bees at the mouth of a hive; some just entering, burdened with riches gathered far and near; others spreading their wings for flight, in quest of further treasures.

One fine afternoon last autumn I had been several hours engaged in the arduous pursuit abovementioned, and my poetic reveries were fast degenerating into most unromantic somnolence, when I was aroused by a heavy splash in the water near by. Then came the clinking rattle of a chain—a sharp creak, followed by a rushing sound, as of a gust of wind—then more creaking, and another rush. Evidently a schooner had come to anchor and dropped her sails. I could not see the vessel from where I lay; and as 'twould not be at all 'longshorelike to let any craft run in so near without knowing what she was, I was forced to bestir myself and make proper investigation. Walking to the edge of the bank, I saw a large fore-and-after slowly swinging round to the tide, while her crew were putting their water-casks into the boats.

Within a hundred yards of the schooner's berth a rivulet runs down from the hills, and is led through a trough of bark at the foot of the bank, making a little fall of pure soft water, known far and wide as the Spout; a famous watering-place for coasters and other light craft.

I noticed the fine model of the schooner, her taut and tidy rigging, and general neat appearance—very different from the lack-and-slack look of a coaster; and could not make out what she might be. With true 'longshore coolness I determined to pump the boys, when they came for water; and in pursuit of that laudable intention, hastened down the ravine through which the little stream finds its way to the shore. I was taking an incredibly long draught at the Spout when the boats touched the sand, and was startled, not to say abashed, as one of the boys jumped ashore, and cried out,

"Saxon ahoy! Just leave a little for us, will you?"

"Jerry Holmes? Why, where did you come from, Jerry?"

I was a little confused, sure enough.

"From the schooner, of course. Where else?"

Jerry Holmes is first cousin to Captain Ben Conover, and mate of the wrecking schooner *Forlorn Hope*. I knew the handsome craft then in a moment; and, hiding my former censurable ignorance, inquired if Captain Ben was aboard.

"He is so," answered Jerry. Will you go off with us? The old man 'd be glad to see you."

My idle mood being fairly dissipated, I was pleased to accept the invitation. I found Captain Ben hale and hearty as ever; the grip of his great brown hand giving me painful evidence of undiminished vigor.

"Rough service doesn't seem to tell on you a bit, Cap'n Ben," said I, trying to straighten my fingers into shape again.

"No," he answered; "I'm used to a stirring life, and contrive to storm along pretty comfortable. I couldn't stand loafing about and quill-driving the way you do though, not a single week. You live hereaway, don't you, Saxon?"

"Yes; that's our wharf, just up shore; the house is back in the hills. I'm all alone there this week; will you go up and take supper with me?"

"No, boy; you stay here to supper. We've got some big sea-clams from Patchogue, and Jerry 'll make you a chowder. He knows how to make a chowder, Jerry does."

So tempted, I staid; and after a supper which gave ample proof of Jerry's culinary accomplishments, we were enjoying a quiet pipe on deck, when it occurred to me I should like to hear one of Captain Ben's stories. His exact memory and graphic descriptions make it a pleasure to hear him relate any of the adventures of which his life has been full.

"A story, eh, Saxon? What sort of yarn will you have?"

"Oh, any little incident, with a dash of sentiment in it."

"Love-making, I suppose you mean?"

"Yes, something in that way. A bit of romance is the spice which gives flavor. A prime necessity, indeed."

"It may be in stories; but 'tis better left out in reality sometimes. I'll tell you a case in point, if you like—a bad chance that happened to Jimmy Carhart, right on this spot, long ago as when I was a boy. 'Tain't much of a story though; maybe I better think up something else."

"No, Cap'n Ben; let's hear about Jimmy Carhart. 'Little Jim,' they used to call him, didn't they?"

"Yes; he was a little bit of a feller—not bigger than a minute. A likely young chap though, and smart as a whip. He was 'prenticed to a boat-builder up Keyport way somewhere, when he was a boy, and soon as his time was up he went 'board a coaster. He wasn't more'n twenty-two or three when he had enough saved up to buy an old schooner for himself. She was called the *Tampico*—a sorry-looking old craft, sure enough; soft as a pear, and if there was any air stirring Jimmy had to keep the pumps going twenty-four hours round. He did pretty well in her though for a good while, carrying country store freights down to Virginny, and bringing back pine wood. He'd load-up in York, run down inside the Hook here, wait till a fair breeze come, and then away he'd go.

"We was living over on Clay-Pit Creek in them days, near where Riceville is now—though there was hardly another house there till long after we moved away—and Jimmy he took a great notion of coming over to our place whenever the *Tampico* was lying in the bay. Mother had a kind of second-cousin from way out in Kentucky living with us then, and 'twasn't long before they began to twit her about Little Jim. She was a great big girl—not so very stout, you know; wouldn't pull down very heavy; but was mighty long geared—just about as much too tall as Jim was too short, and that's the reason he had a fancy for her, I believe. I've always noticed that a small man measures a woman's beauty by perpendicular feet, like as if she was a pine-tree.

"Well, Mary—Mary Patterson her name was—she didn't take much notice of Jim at first; but after a while he used to bring her little trinkets and what-not from York. Then, when he come, she'd dress up a bit, and they two would sit together in the kitchen, long after the rest had gone to bed; and the next Sunday Mary 'd be sure to 'pear out in new ribbons, or some bright gimcrack or other, that he had given to her. So things went on, till one morning, after Jim had been there, I happened to be down in the cellar, and heard Mary asking mother's advice about him. Mother said Jim was a nice little feller (that made her wince, I'll bet), and he seemed a careful, forehanded sort of body, likely to get on in the world, and if Mary set any store by him, maybe she couldn't do better than to have him.

"In about three weeks Jim was at the house again, and I noticed he had a very handsome ring on his finger. Well, we left a big fire for 'em in the kitchen that night, and the next morning, when Mary come down, long after we'd all done breakfast, the first thing I see was the handsome ring on her left hand. It seemed to fit pretty well too, for her fingers were full as big as his any day. After that we all knew they was engaged, though she wouldn't admit a word of it. Jim told me they was, and allowed the wedding would be that next spring.

"I don't know as I ever ought to have spoken against the girl; but she was a proud, hard-mouthed piece: I never did like her at all, and she couldn't bear the sight of me. I asked her one day when she and Jim was going to be married. I spoke kind enough too, wasn't teasing her at all; but she looked up real ugly like, and snapped out, 'Never! I wouldn't marry such a little wiffet to save his life.'

"I was a young shaver then, and might better have minded my own business; but next time I saw Little Jim I told him he'd better keep a sharp eye on Mary. 'You look out now, Jim,' says I, 'or that girl will do you a bad turn yet.' Jim, like a goose, went and told her all I said, and of course that didn't help matters 'twixt her and me.

"Jimmy didn't come into the bay next trip he made, but sailed straight from New York, and we saw nothing more of him till winter was most over. He wrote two or three letters to Mary, and I believe she answered 'em, though she was so close about it I never fairly knew whether she did or not. I asked no more questions, for I didn't want to make trouble, and tried my best to be friends with her. 'Twas no use though; I couldn't sail on her course at all, and she did faze me that winter, like an old rope's-end.

"Along in February I went up to town to see the celebration of Washington's birthday, and while there I met little Jimmy on Broadway. He said the *Tampico* was most loaded, and he'd be ready to sail in a day or two; so I waited, and came down with him. How he ever contrived to keep afloat in that old tub so long is more than I can imagine. She leaked in every seam, and you could stand in the hold and see daylight through the deck most any where; the mainmast played about loose in the partners, and the crazy old rigging was so rotten that Little Jim was the only man aboard who dare go aloft. Jim told me he had put in an assorted cargo on his own account, and was in hopes he'd make money enough out of it to buy a new vessel; 'And then, you know,' says the poor little feller, 'the next thing will be a nice little house for Mary and me.'

"'Time enough for the house after you get the girl,' says I.

"Jim was in high feather though, and wouldn't shorten sail for any little breeze that I could raise. So we had a jolly run down the bay, singing songs and drinking ale, of which there was half a dozen casks in the hold. 'Twas about four o'clock in the afternoon when we come to anchor off the Spout here, pretty much where the *Hope* is lying now. Jim sot the boys to work getting in water, and then he and I tramped over home. We found supper on the table, the house all in order, and mistress Mary dressed up for the occasion, as I had written what day they might expect us. She seemed real glad to see Jimmy, and all that evening her gentle, kindly ways toward him made me feel right down sorry I ever had a hard thought about her. Little Jim was just as happy as he could be; and when we left them together mother said she was pleased to see them so fond of each other.

"Our house being on the south side of the hills, and pretty well down toward the creek, we hardly ever felt the northerly winds there at all. That night I woke up about two o'clock, and heard a heavy, roaring sound, that said 'Storm!' just as plain as speech. I lay and listened a while, but couldn't make out whether 'twas a tremendous surf outside or a northerly gale howling through the tree-tops on the heights. Finally, I got up and went out-doors. Jim and Mary were in the kitchen yet, and when Jim heard me he came out too. 'What's the matter, Ben?' says he, pleasant as Sunday morning in April.

"'I don't know,' says I; 'but I'm afraid, from the looks, there's a big blow from no'theast.'

"Jim was frightened right away. 'The boys 'll have sense enough to run over to the cove if it comes on to blow. Don't you think so?'

"'I should; but I'd want to be in the neighborhood of the schooner myself, if I was you.'

"'Of course. I'll go right over: I ought to have gone before.'

"'I'll go too,' says I; and with that we went in the house to put on oil-skins, for it began to rain right sharp.

"Well, Saxon, we had a hard journey that night, I tell you. 'Twasn't so very bad at first, but when we got out into the face of the hills it did seem as though all the furies were let loose. The rain poured right down like a thunder-shower; oil-skin wasn't any protection at all, we were soaked through in five minutes. A storm always seems a good deal worse to me in the woods than on the water; and being young then, I was frightened, and wished a good many times we hadn't started. 'Twas so dark that we couldn't see one bit more with our eyes wide open than when they were shut; we had to take off boots and stockings, and feel our way along the path with our feet; dead branches, torn from the trees, came crashing down, scratching us all to pieces and stripping our clothes to rags; and the terrific roar of the wind was so deafening that we could hardly make each other hear at all. Once Jimmy lost the path, and, though he shouted till out of breath, I didn't know but what he was close behind me until I stumbled over a fallen tree; then I missed him, and after waiting a long while, had just started back to try and find him when he came bang against me. Finally, we got out of the path entirely, and couldn't find it again; so Jimmy took off his handkerchief, and I took one end and he the other so as not to lose each other; and keeping the wind full in our faces, we made a push for the bank. We had to move very slow for fear of striking the trees, and must have been more than two hours crawling through patches of brier and laurel, and blundering over stumps and stones and fallen trees. I began to think the wind had shifted, and was leading us round, so we wouldn't get any where until morning; but we did though, for next minute we both pitched heels-over-head off the bank, striking in the sand, about twenty feet down, and taking a sliding scramble the rest of the way to the bottom.

"We picked ourselves up, best way we could, and started up shore. We hadn't gone far before I concluded, from the make of the land, that we must have come down below the Stones; and sure enough we fetched up directly, all standing agin the rocks. There was nothing for us then but to climb up the bank again, and a nice time we had of it. After half an hour of hard scratching we managed to reach the top; and Jimmy lay right down on the ground, pretty nigh tuckered out. Pretty soon daylight began to show a little, and we started on, coming down to the shore here, at the Spout.

"The schooner was gone; and Jimmy felt pleased enough, thinking she was safe in the cove.

"'Maybe she is,' says I; 'but look up yonder. There's a craft of some sort ashore there.'

"'Sure enough,' answered Jim, all aback again. 'Let's go up.'

"The rain was pretty much over; and though the wind held no'theast, 'twas running down a good deal as the sun rose.

"When we came abreast of where your wharf is now, there lay the old *Tampico* broadside on; her mainmast-foot sticking through her bottom; starb'r'd bow all stove in, and her cargo scattering 'longshore clear up to Brown's Point. The boys must have taken too much ale that night, for they were all asleep when the rotten old windlass broke away, and didn't know there was any thing wrong till the schooner struck.

"Little Jim stood looking at the wreck a long time. Finally turning to me, he says, 'Ben, let's go and tell Mary. I've got to begin at the bottom of the ladder again: I'm afraid 'twill be a disappointment to her.'

"Jim's chist had come ashore near by, and I told him to make a change 'fore going any further, for he did look too bad. His clothes was torn to rags, and mud—he was covered with mud from head to foot. I wasn't any better; but Jim's togs were too small for me, so I waded into the bay and washed up well as I could, and we started for home.

"Mother got breakfast ready while I was putting on dry; and Mary came down to the table just as Jimmy was telling about the wreck. She did not taste the first morsel of breakfast; but an ugly look came to her face, and her thin lips kept drawing together harder than ever, until Jim, looking over toward her, said he supposed he'd lost pretty much every thing, then she got up and left the kitchen. Jim soon followed, and they had a long talk together on the back stoop. I told mother Mary seemed to take it rather hard.

"'Natural enough,' mother said. 'They are both young though, and can afford to wait a few years till Jimmy gets up again.'

"'I hope she'll think so,' says I; 'but we'll soon see.'

"I went out front of the house to see how the weather was, and pretty soon little Jim came out looking just as white as could be. I stood by the gate, and as he was going past I reached out to stop him. He shook my hand mighty hard without saying a word, turned down the road, and that is the last we ever saw or heard of Jimmy Carhart from that day to this.

"I walked straight through the house and found Mary sitting on the back door-step. 'Mary,' said I, 'what's between you and Jimmy?'

"'Nothing in the world,' says Miss Mary, holding up her bare finger where she had worn his ring.

"'What did you say to him, Mary Patterson?'

"'I told him I'd never marry a beggar,' said she, just as quiet and cool as I am now.

"I didn't say any thing more, but started over to the wreck, thinking I'd find Jim there. He never went near the old schooner though; and after waiting all the morning for him, I set to work to save what was left of the cargo. That was the first bit of wrecking ever I did; I got over twelve hundred dollars out of it all told. There was a lot of slate aboard belonging to some one in Virginny, and after paying for that, and some little costs, there was about a thousand dollars left, which I put in the savings bank for Jim.

"Did you never pick up bits of slate, Saxon, 'longshore above the Spout?"

"Many a time; I often used to skip little pieces of slate over the water, and always wondered where they came from."

"I expect they come out of the old *Tampico*, and that's all there is left of her. I declare, Saxon, 'tis most nine o'clock. My story was longer than I thought for."

"Why, Cap'n Ben, you haven't finished yet?"

"Yes, pretty much, I reckon. Haven't I?"

"No, indeed. You didn't tell me what ever became of Mary Patterson."

"Oh, Mary lived 'long with our folks till mother died; then, as Little Jim never came back, I made over the money in the savings bank to her. She bought a little house over in Shrewsbury town and lives there yet. She's an old woman now, and growing feeble, they say. Poor old soul! I must go see her next time I'm down that way."

"She never was married, then?"

"No; never was married. No one ever seemed to take a notion for her after Jim went away; and before I left home she got to be about the crossest old maid you ever see in your life. There's the yawl 'long side; any time you want to go home, Saxon, any of the boys 'll set you ashore. I'd ask you to stay aboard, only we'll be under way in the morning long 'fore you want to be astir."

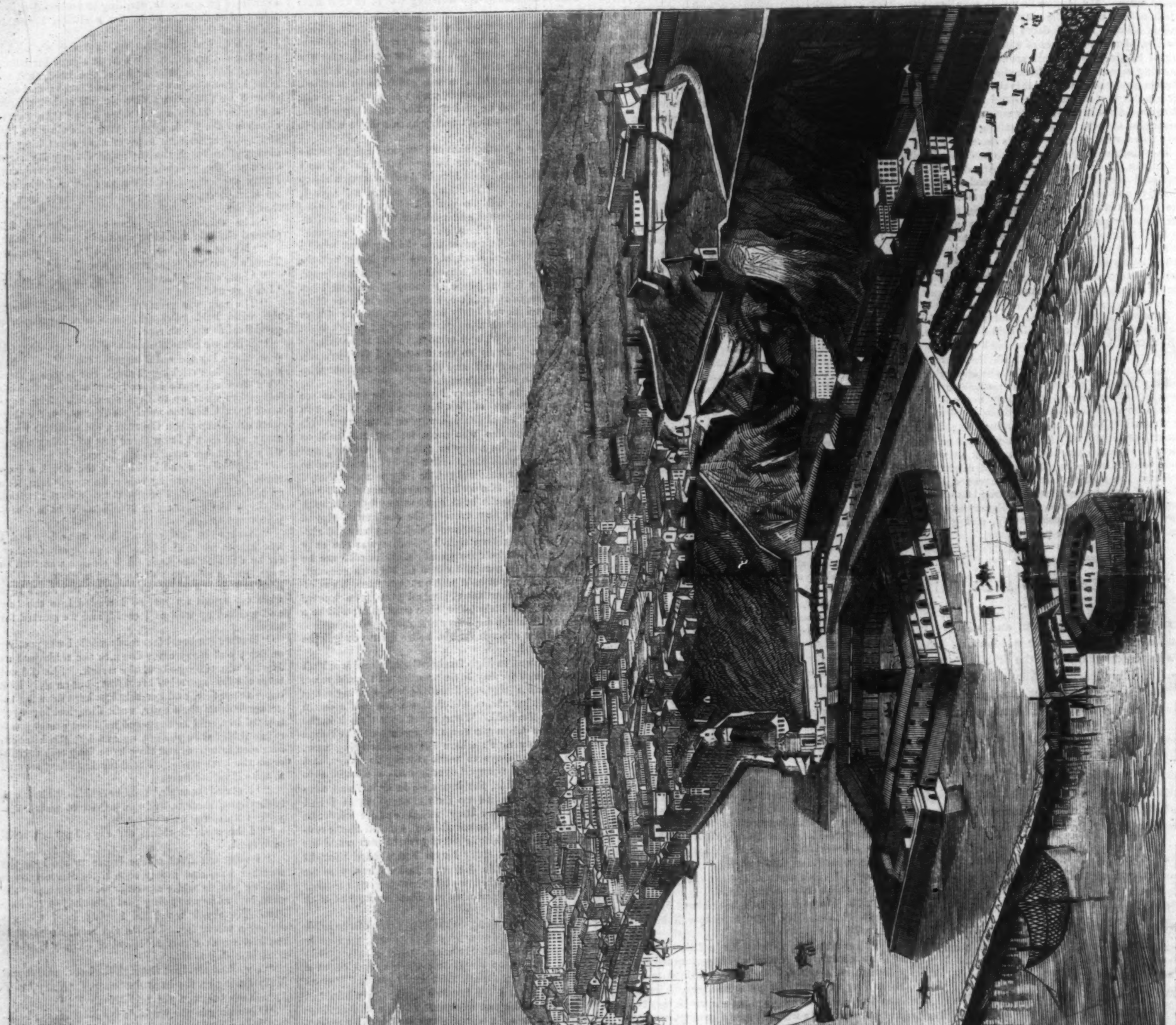
"'Tis growing late; I'll be off now, I guess, Cap'n Ben."

"Well, good-by, then. Come down to Squan and see the folks."

"I will so, sure enough. Much obliged for the story."

"You'd be more welcome to a better one, Saxon. Good-night!"

"Good-night, Cap'n Ben. Good-night!"



THE CITY OF ANCONA, STATES OF THE CHURCH, ITALY.

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF GARIBALDI INTO NAPLES.

THE WAR IN ITALY.

We publish, as illustrations of the pending conflict in Italy, a fine view of Ancona, which was the last refuge of Lamoricière and his mercenaries—a picture of the arrival of Garibaldi at Naples, fully described in the last number of the *Weekly*—and a fine cartoon illustrating the departure of superstition on the arrival of the popular leader.

Ancona is one of the strongest places in Italy. It is a sea-port town on the Adriatic, with a population of about 40,000, one-eighth of whom are Jews, and live in a quarter of their own. It is, as we said, strongly fortified. On the summit of one of the two hills on whose slope the town rests stands a frowning citadel; other forts, built with no mean skill, protect the harbor. As shown in our picture, the port is inclosed by two moles, on one of which stands an arch erected to Trajan 1650 years ago.

In ancient history Ancona occupies no prominent place. We read of it occasionally in the ancient literature of Rome, but its record is not as interesting as that of many smaller Italian towns. In recent times it figures more prominently. In 1798 it was taken by the French; in the following year occurred the memorable siege with which every reader of history is familiar. In 1802 it was restored to the Pope, and has ever since formed part of his dominion. With the fall of Ancona he has lost the whole of his realm—except Rome, and a strip on the sea-board adjacent.

The departure of the monk, with the blood of Saint Januarius and the winking picture, fitly illustrates the awakening of Italy from the gloom in which she has been kept by priest and prince. Every one has heard of the famous phial of holy blood which on certain days of the year, by especial miracle, becomes liquid at the command of a priest, who holds the phial high in air before a delighted audience. Murat rather shook the credit of the miracle, when, in order to excite the populace against him, the priests gave out that the blood would not liquefy, in consequence of the anger of the Saint at the domination of the French, he sent them word that if the usual mira-

THE SAINT AND THE HERO.—GARIBALDI DRIVING ST. JANUARIUS AND THE WINKING PICTURE OUT OF NAPLES.

cle were not performed in twenty minutes he would open fire on the monastery, and long before the delay expired the desired result was obtained. Still, such is the ignorance in which the Roman Catholic priests have kept the people, that to this day Saint Januarius has hosts of adherents in Naples; and only a few weeks since, before the flight of the King, he was trotted out by a sanguine monk to perform a miracle on behalf of the Jesuits and their monarch. Now, thank Heaven! all this rubbish has disappeared before the potent finger of Garibaldi, the liberator and the avenger. In reference to this picture we subjoin the following poem:

THE SAINT AND THE HERO.

YE holy knaves, to whom the crowd
In stupid adoration knelt,
To see, while abject heads they bowed,
The blood of Januarius melt:
A greater miracle behold
Than that of simulated gore,
Which melts when hot, congeals when cold,
But which your silly dupes adore.

Ye know how Italy has been,
Thank most yourselves, for weary years,
Of siavery a mournful scene—
A wretched land of blood and tears.
Her best blood ne'er had ceased to drip,
Her tears continued still to flow,
Beneath the rule of sword and whip,
Since Freedom perished long ago.

But now, as Garibaldi speeds,
To Italy, from hills to shore,
Restoring Liberty, she bleeds
And weeps, except for joy, no more.
False jugglers, he outdoes your art;
His honest truth excels your lie;
His hand has healed her wounded heart;
Her blood is stanched; her tears are dry.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CENSUS OF NEW ENGLAND.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

BOSTON, *October* 4, 1860.

IT is important that a paper having so great a circulation through the land as yours, and so deservedly relied upon for information upon matters of fact, should state its census estimates correctly. In the article entitled "The Census of 1860," a doubt is expressed whether "New England will show any increase at all," and that its "sea-board cities will probably show a falling-off."

From returns published in the papers there is reason to believe that "no sea-board city," or any other city, in New England has fallen off in population. On the contrary, many of them have largely increased. Boston has, by returns, about 40,000 more inhabitants than in 1850, the number now being over 177,000; and thecontiguous cities, Roxbury, Cambridge, Charlestown, and Chelsea, have increased in the like ratio. Excepting in very few small agricultural towns in the western part of the State, it is believed that there has been no falling off. On the contrary, there is sufficient evidence already public that the census of the State will exceed 1,200,000—a gain of more than 200,000 in the ten years. Maine has increased at least 80,000, and Connecticut 60,000; Rhode Island 20,000. The census of New Hampshire has been made up, and shows a small gain. Vermont has probably done no worse that New Hampshire,

Upon the whole, it may be safely stated that New England has not gained less than 400,008 since the census of 1850, of which official evidence will shortly be forthcoming.

An outline of this statement, published in your most excellent paper, would give pleasure to many of your subscribers in this region, who do not like to have New England represented as being in a state of *decadence*. TRI-MOUNTAIN.

GRIEF IS NOT TOLD BY WORDS.

BY C. H. WEBB.

GRIEF is not told by words,
By willows, nor by weeds:
The woe which wrecks a life
No tell-tale trapping needs.

I hate the dripping soul
That must its tears disclose;
The man who asks his friends
To feast upon his woes;

When Araminta dies,
Who spins a word-pall fine,
Which haply brings his purse
A penny to the line.

Few heed the urn that brims
With hopes, and doubts, and fears—
The tombstone all besprent
With deftly chiseled tears.

Few pause above the grave
Where word with willow vies;
The marble gravely puns—
Hic jacet hints of lies!

But mark the plain white stone
Where love records its loss;
The stone that only bears
Initials and a cross;

And you have found a woe
Where tears brought no relief—
A heart too strong to break,
Too proud to tell its grief.

And in the crowd you'll meet
One lonely and apart;
He utters no complaint,
But this grave lies in his heart.

He joins you in the dance—
You pledge him in the bowl;
But of this plain white stone you see
The shadow on his soul.

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CAUTION TO SPORTSMEN.

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Inventor of the present system of improved Rifles, the first-class medalist in all the exhibitions of 1851, 1855, and 1854, and the recognized model gunmaker for the English Government, having found it necessary to take immediate steps to arrest the spurious manufacture of guns purporting to be of his make, and having forged marks and labels and other close imitations of his style, which are now being introduced into the United States, a fraud on the consumer and depreciating to my reputation, I have hereby appointed Messrs. Schuyler, Hartley, and Graham, 19 Maiden Lane, New York, my sole agents, from whom the genuine manufacture may be obtained. Each gun will be accompanied with a certificate of identity and quality, signed by myself and agents. Having recently erected one of the largest gun manufactories in England, I am now able to ensure, not only an improvement but an increase of the quality, and assures a long continuance of the favor of the sportsmen of America. WM. GREENER.

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is the result of years of toil and thought on the part of the inventor, and he now deems it perfect. It is the only lamp in the market which will burn successfully the various coal-oils, without chimney or wick, in a bright and beautiful gas-formed flame. So great is our confidence in the success of this lamp that we have made extensive and expensive preparations to manufacture them on a larger scale, and we are now prepared to fill all orders, however large, promptly.

All the oils that can be burned satifactorily in the ordinary coal-oil lamp with a wick and chimney, can be burned in Callender's Carbo-Air Lamp without a wick and chimney.

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will also burn mineral oils far richer in illuminating power than the oils usually burned in the common coal-oil lamp. The oils known as

Carboline Oil and Carbo-Naphtha,

manufactured expressly for this lamp by the

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contain more light to the gallon than any other mineral oil, and give, in CALLENDER'S CARBO-AIR LAMP, a light wonderfully brilliant at a trifling cost. These oils are of extreme purity, and thei rqualities will not be impaired in any climate.

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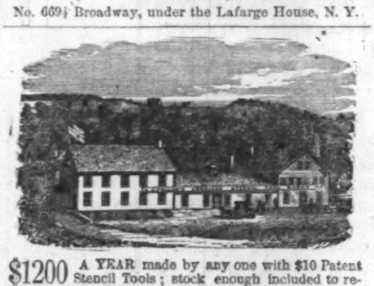

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Close of the Twenty-First Volume.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For November, 1860.

CONTENTS.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Portrait of Smith.—Smith in his Forest Retreat.—Combat between Smith and Turbashaw.—Smith's Arms.—Smith escaping from his Tartar Master.—Reception by the Chief of the Rappahannocks.—Fight at Kekoughtan.—Smith saved by Pocahontas.—Submission by the Chief of the Rappahannocks.—The Humiliation of Opechancanough.—Smith presenting his Map to Prince Charles.—The Sorrow of Pocahontas.

A SUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.—III. NANTUCKET. ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Dismantled Whaler.—A strange Gentleman.—Mother Cary.—Studley.—Bird Egging at Muskegeet.—Watson Burgess.—All Difficulty settled.—Towing the Whale.—Tarring Ropes.—The Harpooner.—A Grove.—Too Sweet.—Railroad President.—Village Lawyer.—Agent of Humane Society.—From Maine.—Boston Hack-Driver.—Poverty and Riches.—Organ-Grinder.—On the Wharf.

PEARLS AND GEMS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Pearl-Fishing at Bahrein.—Panama Pearl-Diver.—Egyptian Ear-Rings.—Bishop Bitton's Ring.—Ring of Pius II.—Pearl Oyster.—Pearl-Bearing Mussel. Japanese Miracle.—Native Pearls.—Persian Gulf Diver.—Great Pearl of the Great Mogul.—Pearl of the Peacock Throne.—Pear-Shaped Pearl.—Small Pearl of the Great Mogul.—Round Pearl of the Great Mogul.—The Cleance Pearl.—Pearl Ear-Ring.—Sizes of Pearls.—The Russian Ruby.—False Ruby of the Mogul.—Ruby of the King of Persia.—Visapour Ruby.—Banarous Ruby.—Balais Ruby.—English Heart Ruby.—Topaz of the Great Mogul.—Carved Emerald.—The Hope Beryl.—The Tiffany Opal.

GLITTER AND GOLD.

THE ORDINATION BALL.

DOWN THE RIVER.

ROSE-GARDEN. A NEW ENGLAND SKETCH.

MY VELVET SHOES.

"UNTO THIS LAST."—III. QUI JUDICATIS TERRAM. By JOHN RUSKIN.

THE FOUR GEORGES.—IV. GEORGE THE FOURTH. By W. M. THACKERAY.

ILLUSTRATION.—The Royal George.

A FALLEN STAR. By FITZ JAMES O'BRI[illegible]

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

CONJUGAL CONVERSATIONS ILLUSTRATED.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—A mild Query.—Model of Pleasantness.—Working like a Nigger.—Out on Business.—Other Business.—Nothing to Wear.—A Ferocious Beast.—Averse to Society.—Maternal Cares.—Slaving at Home.—Pleasures of Girlhood.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Autumn Cloak.—Striped Mantle.

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